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SHADOWY

BY ISABELLA LAW.

When the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,
And the night wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves;
Then I open the inner chamber
That was closed from the dust of day,
And gently undraw the curtain
Where my holiest treasures lay.

Sweet spirits that may not slumber;
Cool shadows from lights now gone;
And the echoes of voices sounding,
All sounding for me alone;
And, blending among the others,
One echo is softer yet;
One shadow is cooler, deeper;
And my dimming eyes grow wet.

For the image I gaze on longest
Is the image that blessed my youth;
The angel that lit my journey
With her lamp of love and truth;
We travelled life's way together
A little while side by side;
And, when I grew faint or weary,
That light was my strength and guide.

And dearer it grew—how dearer!
Till I watched it wane and fade;
And my angel said as we parted,
Be patient, be not afraid;
And when I am sick and weary
With the heat and dust of the day,
How the sense of her words comes o'er me—
Her words ere she went away.

And I ask for a patient wisdom,
As I journey the way alone;
Till I tread on the golden threshold
Of the heaven where she is gone;
When the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,
And the night wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves.

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "MELENA LYLE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST HOURS AT PENRUAN ABBEY.

Luncheon was spread on a table drawn into one of the broad bay windows of the handsome drawing-room to which Mr. Penruan ushered his guest. The furniture of the apartment was not only faded and old-fashioned, but so worn and threadbare with constant use as to be fitter for the lumber-closet than the saloon of a wealthy gentleman. The only modern articles visible were a pretty little cottage piano and an invalid's couch of Parisian make, fitted with every appliance for ease that the skill of the present day can devise. Still, few would have paused to note these discrepancies, for immediately on entering the room the eye was entranced by the glorious view the windows commanded. In one direction, far and wide spread the Atlantic, bounded solely by the horizon; in the other, the noble curves of Mount's Bay, with St. Michael's Mount in the foreground, and, far away in the blue distance, the bold bluffs of the Lizard.

At first, that intent admiration for Nature, which had grown upon Max Haverying with his growth, made him overlook the fact that the room was not untenanted. The young lady he had seen in the paddock had exchanged her skirt for a morning dress, and was sitting at the table, whiling away the time with a novel till Mr. Penruan appeared. It was not till the Squire pronounced her name that she looked up, and then her glance of comical surprise at his companion was amusing.

"Nelly, I have brought you a visitor. This is Mr. Haverying, a cousin of mine, from America. You must help me make his stay at the Abbey a pleasant one. Mr. Haverying, my daughter, Miss Eleanor Penruan!"

As she was demurely acknowledging the stranger's bow, the Squire glanced towards the couch, and abruptly asked, "Where is your mother? Is she not so well?"

"Fan-Fan has undergone another operation," was the grave reply; "and though the dear creature bore it with great fortitude, mamma feels that her own nerves have been so severely tried, that she must not attempt any exertion for an hour or two."

"Is she hysterical?"

"I don't know, sir. I was too hungry to stay and inquire. I have repeated my message word for word, and, this time, without additions of my own."

Mr. Penruan frowned, coughed, commenced cutting the *pate* before him; recommended to Max some of the thin, sour, light wine, that was the only beverage placed on the table; and at last, rising abruptly, excused himself on the plea of anxiety on his lady's account, and left the room.

"I hope Mrs. Penruan is not seriously indisposed," said Max, to the young lady, who was placidly eating her lunch with an excellent appetite.

"Oh, no! Don't make yourself uncomfortable. If mamma were really ill, I should be too anxious to stay here. If I may advise you, Mr. Haverying, you will cultivate a taste for water-drinking, for Mr. Penruan's wine has but one point in its favor—it's extremely cheap."

"Thanks for the advice," said Max, filling his glass from a caraffe of the *aqua pura* before him, and using the opportunity to steal a glance at his beautiful *vis-a-vis*. She detected it, however, and smiled so saucily, that he was somewhat disconcerted.

"Why did you not tell me who you were when we met this morning?" she demanded. "Was it in order to have me at a disadvantage, Mr. Haverying?"

"Certainly not, Miss Penruan. You forget that it would not have been very complimentary to you to say 'I am your cousin,' just as you had mistaken me for a vagrant."

"But you are not my cousin, sir; and it is high time that I introduced myself to you under my right name. I am Eleanor Haydon; and Mr. Penruan, although he persists in having me regarded as his own child, is only my step-father."

"What then, am I to call you?"

"If you wish to please *me*, give me my real appellation; if you prefer flattering the Squire's whims, you will know how to do it."

"Isn't this placing me in rather an awkward position?" asked Haverying. "My friends call me simply Max; if you would agree to do the same, I could extricate myself from my difficulties by saying Cousin Eleanor."

The young lady looked up at him sharply, as if she suspected an impertinence in the proposal, but her scrutiny was met with such an unembarrassed mein, that she said, curtly, "Well, I don't mind; anything is preferable to hearing that hateful Miss Penruan dinned in my ears continually. And now, I suppose, I ought to apologize for giving you a warning that appears wholly unnecessary. I did not know that you were so sure of a welcome."

"Indeed, I appreciated your kind intentions," he answered, earnestly; "and the welcome of which you speak was such a tardy one, that it was only Mr. Penruan's evident regret for his rudeness that induced me to remain."

"You surprise me!" said Eleanor. "May I ask what induced the Squire to —to——"

"Treat me so oddly?" demanded Max, finding that she hesitated for a word. "He did but follow suit. His step-daughter took me for a tramp, and he for an impostor."

"I am really very sorry you should have met with such a reception!" cried Eleanor, who detected the wounded feeling with which he spoke; "but I must ask again why you gave us the opportunity to be so uncivil?"

"In the country I came from," was the proud retort, "we do not require from the stranger who craves our hospitality a full and particular account of his ancestors before we permit him to come under our roof, or eat our bread."

"My dear Mr. Haverying, the land of which you speak must be in a very uncivilized condition!" Eleanor demurely retorted; "and though such indiscriminate hospitality sounds very romantic, you must not expect to make a convert of Mr. Penruan. He prefers sober reality, and keeping the key of his larder in his own pocket."

"I had no desire to force myself upon him," said Max, still bitter and indignant.

"Of course you had not; and I am still at a loss to understand by what spell you have tamed the dragon."

"I am Mr. Penruan's kinsman—the son of an old friend to whom, in times past, he has lain under obligations. Is not this reason sufficient why he should invite me to be his guest while I remain in the neighborhood?"

"No, no, no!" cried the young lady, vehemently. "You have named the very last motive that would influence Squire Penruan. You'll say I am very fond of offering my advice, but I cannot resist giving you a little more—keep your eyes open while you stay at the Abbey, Mr. Haverying!"

"I don't think the warning will be of much use, unless you kindly explain why it is given."

But, flushing a little, she hastily replied, "I cannot do that! I have said too much already; but you are a stranger, and I could not resist——"

She broke off in some confusion, and rushed into another subject.

"We must contrive to mount you, Mr. Haverying, if you will promise not to look too contemptuously on our sorry nags, and then you can be cavalier when I ride Ursa Minor."

"I trust I shall never see you on the back of that vicious beast again!" cried Max. "Let me train some other horse for you while I am staying here. I shall be delighted with the task."

"Thanks; but there is a pretty little chestnut mare I ride when I am in a good humor, or venture into those parts of the neighborhood where one must behave decorously. For the park, and for peace of mind, commend me to Ursa Minor."

"Is not this an extraordinary caprice for a young lady to indulge in?" asked Max, very gravely. "Can Mr. or Mrs. Penruan be aware of the risks you run?"

"Mr. Penruan wouldn't free if I broke my neck to-morrow!" she answered, with a careless toss of her head; "and mamma is rather obtuse to things of the kind. If you were to give her—as you seem inclined to do—an agonizing description of the perils I encounter, you would send her into a fit of hysterics, so violent that, by the time she recovered, she would have forgotten what occasioned them."

The beautiful Eleanor's manner of alluding to her invalid mother grated upon the nerves of Max, and his looks betrayed what he thought; for, with an impatient movement, she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, Mr. Haverying, it's very shocking and undutiful; I know it is; and I am a very wicked young woman, or, as Mr. Penruan frequently tells me, a most heartless and unnatural creature, to talk in such an unfeeling strain of the sufferings of my angel mother. You won't offend me by agreeing with him; I always do that myself; it saves one so many discussions. And don't look as if you pitied me for my insensibility. Hearts are such troublesome possessions, that the stonier they are, the better for their owners."

AN UNOFFENDING VICTIM.

"Curious philosophy this, isn't it?" queried the puzzled Max; and she laughed bitterly.

"Oh! Mr. Haverying, if you stay longer than a day or two at Penruan Abbey, you will have to reconcile yourself to more conflicting things than my queer speeches. But come here, and tell me if you have seen anything in your travels more lovely than the view from these windows?"

Max followed the young lady to a broad and cushioned seat beneath the casement, and listened and looked with interest while she named the spots visible on that sunny morning from Penruan Abbey.

He was just about to avail himself of a pause in the conversation to name Captain Benton, when a little bustle was heard at the door. It opened, and Mr. Penruan entered, with a lady on his arm, in the very becoming *deshabille* of an invalid. Her robe, en *Princess*, was of the palest pink cashmere, a color that harmonized admirably with her fair skin, and the blonde hair, over which some lace, looped with pink, was carelessly but effectively arranged.

She was plump and would have been very pretty but for the air of languor that drew down the corners of her mouth, and gave an expression of suffering to a pair of still fine eyes, as dark and sparkling as her daughter's.

The maid who followed was loaded with shawls, pillows, and eider-down quilts, and some minutes elapsed before the lady was comfortably deposited on the couch prepared for her.

Mr. Penruan showed himself the most attentive of spouses, settling her cushions, and hovering about her with such tender assiduity, that Max began to feel ashamed of the feeling of repulsion which, in spite of his civilities, this gentleman had contrived to inspire.

At last, with a sigh and a smile, she pronounced herself tolerably comfortable, and her husband signed to Max to approach.

Eleanor had lounged on the window seat, and contemplated the sea, without testifying the smallest interest in what was passing in the room; but now she raised herself, and, with a little malicious pleasure, watched the introduction.

"A relation of yours, dear John," murmured Mrs. Penruan, holding out her hand to Max. "How pleased I am to know him! Ah! if I had but my health, how delighted I should be to drive him about the estate, and show him the improvements you have made!"

"Where are they?" asked Eleanor; but no one answered, though her mother held her vinaigrette to her nose, and shuddered a little, and Mr. Penruan cleared his throat.

"This is a sad house to come to, Mr. Haverying," the invalid went on, in the soft, monotonous tones that never varied. "I am always the poor, helpless creature you now see. In fact, I should not be alive if it were not for the devotion of the best of husbands."

"My dearest Lina, you promised to try and swallow a little jelly," said Mr. Penruan, modestly ignoring his own praises.

"To please you; solely to please you. I have no appetite, Mr. Haverying."

"But you ate a tolerable breakfast, mamma," interposed Eleanor, "and I think I met Carson on the stairs with a mutton chop not an hour ago."

"Yes. I made an effort," Mrs. Penruan sighed. "It is our duty to preserve life as long as we can; is it not, Mr. Haverying?"

"On mutton chops, mamma?" queried her daughter, undaunted by the look Mr. Penruan bent upon her; but the lady's equanimity was not disturbed.

"Don't tease me Nelly, t ere's a dear child; you ought to be thankful that I contrived to keep my strength up when you know what I went through this morning. Poor Fan-fan!"

"You need not look so serious, Mr. Haverying," cried the irrepressible Eleanor. "Fan-fan is only an ugly little Skye-terrier, and a great pet of mamma's. The creature's teeth are decayed in consequence of being crammed with sweet cakes, and two of them have been extracted. Having nothing else to do, mamma has made herself very unhappy about her darling's sufferings."

"My nerves are so weak," Mrs. Penruan explained, "that they are easily upset. Are you fond of dogs, Mr. Haverying?"

"Of some kinds, extremely so," he replied.

"Then you shall nurse Fan-fan. Carson, give her to Mr. Haverying. Is she not a beauty?"

"I am no judge of lap-dogs," said Max, eyeing contemptuously the fat, wheezy, hairy ball that was laid on his knees.

"Give her to me, Mr. Haverying," said Eleanor; but Mrs. Penruan started up and snatched the dog away. "No, no, Nelly, you shall not have her; you are so intolerably awkward! Fan-fan always comes to grief when you take her."

Her daughter laughed mischievously; but ere she could make any reply, Mr. Penruan interposed with an offer to show his guest over the Abbey.

"Say no, Mr. Haverying, for I am sure you'll not find any pleasure in beholding dust and decay," said Eleanor, in tones she scarcely took the trouble to lower. But, for once Max, did not agree with her. He felt really desirous of seeing the house, and accepted Mr. Penruan's offer with a readiness that pleased that gentleman, and made his perverse step-daughter shrug her pretty shoulders.

After all, Eleanor was right. It was a depressing spectacle, for the decay that is made venerable by a reverent care to arrest it was not visible here. Repairs had been made where absolutely necessary, but only in the roughest, cheapest manner. Mr. Penruan may have loved the dwelling of his forefathers, but he evidently loved his money still more, and grudged spending it in renovating the Abbey.

The picture gallery pleased Max best, and there his entertainer thoroughly unbent, and related legends connected with the portraits, till the clanging of the dinner bell disturbed them, and he led the young man to a tolerably comfortable bedchamber and dressing-room close by.

The evening was enlivened by the presence of a chatty little lieutenant in the navy, who had retired from the service some years previously on half-pay and a wooden leg, and was one of the few neighbors whose visits Squire Penruan tolerated. Lieutenant Hapsley sympathised with the invalid, joked pretty Eleanor on her roses and her pouting looks, recalled old scenes and adventures to amuse Max, and played backgammon with the Squire till the clock struck ten—a signal always for the breaking up of the party.

Not at all inclined to sleep, Max had no sooner locked himself in his chamber than he resolved to write another letter to Mistress Letty, entreating her to end this mysterious reserve, and give him the opportunity for personally exculpating himself that he had already vainly entreated. But somehow, to-night, he could not satisfy himself with his epistolary attempts. His pleadings were not urgent enough; they did not do sufficient justice to his anxiety to behold her once more; and sheet after sheet of paper was torn up in despair.

As he sat nibbling the top of his pen, and gazing sometimes at the curiously carved ceiling, sometimes at the floor, his wandering glances fell on the great old-fashioned toilet glass close by. It reflected some of the old pictures—queer little oval miniatures of long-forgotten dames of the Penruan family; one, the largest, if not the handsomest, representing a shepherdess seated on a grassy bank.

Something—was it the wind?—gave a tremendous motion to this portrait; and Max was just amusing himself with the notion that it was nodding to him in the glass, when he distinctly saw the panel on which it hung pushed forward from the wall, and some one peer at him through the opening.

In an instant he was up and striding towards the spot; but, when he reached it, the panel was firmly closed. Not a sound of retreating footsteps reached his ear, though he listened long and intently; not a voice made answer to his repeated inquiry, who was there? And he might have believed that some inequality in the surface of the mirror had deceived him but for one circumstance: the miniature had been shaken from its nail, and lay on the floor at his feet.

CHAPTER VII.

MAX BEGINS TO COMPREHEND THAT HIS PERPLEXITIES ARE ONLY JUST COMMENCING.

There could not be a braver man than Max Haverying had proved himself in many a wild adventure; and he had spent more than one night with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, listening for the stealthy footfalls of the Indians, while his comrades slept around their camp fire. Yet it was with very unpleasant sensations that he now seized the lamp to make the tour of his chamber and the adjoining dressing-room; and finally came back to the panel from whence the picture had fallen. But it gave back no hollow sound when he tapped it, and was to all appearances as solid a piece of the wainscoting as the rest.

Still the conviction was not to be shaken off that some one had moved it, and looked at him through the aperture. Certainly it might be only a servant, whose curiosity led to the act, or who was not aware that the apartment was occupied; and, as this was the most matter-of-fact and probable explanation of the circumstance, Max resolved to adopt it.

However, he could not determine to go to bed. Penruan Abbey was but half furnished and ill-secured, for some portion of the building was closed and almost in ruins. It was not at all impossible that burglars, tempted by a report of Mr. Penruan's wealth and miserly habits, had entered this part of the house, and were awaiting their opportunity to rob it. So Max, putting his watch and purse under his pillow, lowered the lamp till the room was in semi-obscurity, and laid down in his clothes, ready to leap up and render efficient assistance on the slightest alarm.

However, not a sound occurred to disturb him, and he sank at last into a profound sleep, which lasted so long that Eleanor opened her eyes in pretended astonishment, and threatened him with cold coffee and hard-boiled eggs when he did appear at the breakfast-table.

"Did you not sleep well, Mr. Haverying?" she demanded; for the Squire was poring, with knitted brows, over some accounts, too much absorbed in the difficulty of deciphering a carpenter's hieroglyphics to do more than nod to his guest. "Did not you sleep well?"

"Not very;" and the slightest hesitation in the speaker's manner was immediately detected.

"Perhaps the ghosts of the Abbey visited you and kept you awake? *Are there any?* What a question! Of course there are! Did you ever hear of an old house that is not haunted? But I forgot—there are no ancient buildings in your country. Yes, Mr. Haverying, we are as well endowed as our neighbors, for there are more spectral legends attached to Penruan than I care to repeat, and there is not a servant in the place who does not believe in them."

"Are you equally credulous?" asked her auditor.

"Not in the daylight!" was the laughing reply. "As long as the sun shines I can make merry over the wild, weird tales I hear, and marvel at the folly that has handed them down from generation to generation; but after nightfall I am afraid I could not muster courage enough to visit some parts of the Abbey alone!"

"Have you ever heard, or ever seen, anything to awaken your fears?" the young man inquired.

"No! It's rather mortifying to be obliged to make such an avowal, isn't it? I haven't seen the shadow of anything worse than—Mr. Penruan since I have lived here. Some of the old people aver that this is because I am not actually a member of the family. So, perhaps, you will be more favored?"

"I suppose," said Max, speaking as carelessly as he could, "the Abbey contains some vestiges of a more romantic era: a secret passage, for instance—some sliding panels—and so on?"

But Eleanor answered with a very decided "No. The interior of the house was modernized and refitted about a hundred and twenty years ago; you can see that I am right in my chronology by the style of the old hangings; and I fancy all such vestiges, as you call them, were then swept away. I am sorry that it should be so," she added, with a smile, "as you seem so anxious to be introduced to something of the kind."

"Then there are no mysteries nor secrets connected with Penruan Abbey?" Max observed.

"I did not say *that*," Eleanor began, then checked herself, and looked down; nor was the conversation resumed till the Squire closed his accounts with a growl.

"B-r-d-s—one shilling! What does the fellow mean by that? Oh! brads, I suppose! He never used a shilling's worth! It's impossible! The scamps don't hammer a single nail in a board but there's a shilling clapped down for it!"

"I thought some of them were tenpenny ones!" observed Eleanor, very innocently.

"Have the goodness to keep your thoughts for subjects you can understand!" was the snappish retort. "I must go and have some of these items amended; it would not do to submit to such extortions! Never invest in house property, Mr. Haverying! It's the worst return for money imaginable."

"Do your tenants get into arrears?" the young man civilly inquired, and Mr. Penruan looked disconcerted.

"Well, no—not exactly; but——"

"How can they," interrupted Eleanor, speaking with bitter emphasis, "when they are turned out to die—to starve—who cares how, if sickness or trouble overtakes them?"

"Repairs, Mr. Haverying—repairs mount up enormously!" said the Squire, talking very loud to silence his irreverent step-daughter; "and the tradesmen are rogues, one and all! Why, I should be swindled hourly, if I did not attend to my affairs myself! Ring the bell, Eleanor, that my horse may be saddled. I must see this carpenter fellow at once, and threaten him with a visit from my lawyer. I know you'll excuse me. Business must be attended to!"

"Why not ask Mr. Haverying to ride with you, sir, and let him learn a lesson from your example in the *noble* art of defending the pocket?"

"Condemn him to a dull ride over a dusty road, that he may play third in an interview with a saucy workman?" cried the Squire in sprightly tones. "No, no, my dear, I will not tax his patience so unkindly. He will enjoy himself much better here!"

The young lady glanced around the room, made a little movement of disgust, and audibly wondered in what way Mr. Haverying would find the predicted enjoyment.

"Do not trouble about me," said Max, hastily. "I can amuse myself in the library, or explore the grounds, or——"

"Nay, nay," interposed the smiling Squire; "we will not be so discourteous to our guest as to leave him quite alone. I give my young kinsman into your charge, Nelly. You will find him an agreeable companion, I am sure; and he will be delighted to walk or drive with you to some of the beautiful spots in the vicinity."

Eleanor raised her head, and gave her step-father a look inexplicable to Max; for it conveyed inquiry, defiance, and something very much like contempt. But Mr. Penruan would not appear to see it, and, with a friendly adieu to both, went away, in order to inquire how Mrs. Penruan found herself before he started on his journey.

"Did you ever feel a longing to bite any one, Mr. Haverying?" demanded Eleanor, when the door had closed upon him. "Because I do; and I must go and have a battle with Ursa Minor before I shall be better. I always get rid of my ill-humors when I have done my best to aggravate the lesser of my bugbears!"

"Transfer your spleen to my shoulders," entreated Max. "I'd rather endure your

sharpest speeches than be left alone, or know that you were running those frightful risks! Perhaps Mrs. Penruan is not so well, and you wish to devote the morning to her?"

"Don't play the hypocrite, Mr. Haverying!" cried Eleanor, so crossly that he stared at her in amazement.

"I may do not bring the charge of hypocrisy against me; for if there is anything I detest, it is that!"

"Then why do you make such a silly speech?" pouted the young lady. "Cannot you see as well as I do that mamma's ailments are only imaginary ones?"

"I thought she looked exceedingly plump and rosy for an invalid!" Max rather reluctantly confessed. "But then I remembered to have heard that in heart disease or consumption the looks are deceptive."

"Of course they are, but you may also have heard of people who begin by fancying that they are out of health, and, if they can find a doctor civil enough to humor them, end by believing that they are dreadful sufferers. Mamma will tell you that she is a martyr to her nerves, but she can listen with composure to what excites me almost to madness. She eats well, drinks well, sleeps soundly, and spends more time at her toilette than I do, and yet she wastes her time on that couch, which I would set on fire if I were not afraid of being found out!"

"Mr. Penruan seems to attach more importance to his wife's ailments than you do," Max could not resist telling her.

"He does," Eleanor admitted. "He is in a fidget if she complains, in a fright if she looks pale, and in agonies every time she has hysterics, lest she should never recover."

"And do you find fault with him for being such a devoted husband?" she was asked, rather indignantly.

She smiled a queer little smile.

"Oh, no; I dare say that if I were Mr. Penruan I should do as Mr. Penruan does, but I may be permitted to wish that he had sufficient common sense to second me in convincing mamma that there is nothing the matter with her."

"Mr. Penruan gives me the impression of being a *very* shrewd man," said Max.

Eleanor assented.

"So shrewd, that he sometimes overreaches himself. But I wish you would not tempt me to talk to you so frankly, Mr. Haverying. You must be a very sympathetic sort of person, or my tongue would not have run with such freedom on this short acquaintance."

"It is the first time I ever received such a doubtful compliment," he answered, with a smile.

"Doubtful?" Eleanor echoed.

"Yes; to be sympathetic is not a masculine quality—is it? I thought it applied to the *confidantes*, in white muslin, of tragic heroines, or the dear female friends young ladies are so fond of telling their secrets to."

"I have no female friends—I might say, no friends at all!" she replied quickly; "and so your sarcasm does not apply to me. But if I am to entertain you, Mr. Haverying, I must find some better way than 'plaining my own lot.' Put on your hat, and let us go into my garden. As it is only one tiny plot, saved with difficulty from the Goths and Vandals, it will not tire you to walk round it."

"I fancied the Abbey gardens were extensive when I peeped at them from my bedroom window," Max remarked, as he obeyed her.

"Why, so they are; but fruit and vegetables sell so well that Mr. Penruan has turned the flower-borders into asparagus-beds, and grows brocoli where I used to cultivate lilies of the valley. Can you dig, Mr. Haverying? Then you shall help me to transplant some roses, for my revered stepfather will not allow a gardener to waste his time in attending to me."

Eleanor's garden was a charming little nook, and Max spent an hour or two very pleasantly in pruning her rose-trees, and making some alterations she had planned, but could not accomplish without the aid of stronger arms. Indeed, he worked so hard that, when the sun grew high, she insisted that he should lay down his tools.

"You shall not call me a thankless taskmistress," she sportively said, "for I will reward your services by bringing your lunch to my own favorite retreat, if you have courage enough to accompany me to it."

Eleanor ran back to the house, while her companion was laving his hands at the spring that bubbled up into a rocky basin; and when her clear voice was again heard, calling him by name, he saw that she had quitted the garden by a little gate in the wall, and was standing on the edge of the cliffs, awaiting his approach. As he drew near, she clamored to the top of a huge boulder, and lightly leaped down on the other side; but when Max reached the spot she had disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen but a deep chasm, dark, and overgrown with ferns, like the mouth of some long disused well.

A merry laugh from the vanishing maiden answered his anxious exclamation.

"Have you the courage to dive into the recesses of the earth, Mr. Haverying? Then, swing yourself down by both hands; the fairies of the cavern will take care that you come to no harm."

Ashamed to hesitate, Max obeyed, and dropped into the chasm, which, after all, was of no depth. Then, stooping his tall head and turning to the right, in obedience to the directions he received, he found himself in one of the most fantastic and exquisite of the caverns with which the rocky coast of the country is so liberally pierced. There was nothing rugged or repellent here; the mouth of the cavern was a lofty arch, looking seaward, and ferns in endless variety fringed the opening, and threw out their delicate fronds from every crevice on the rocky walls and roof. Across the mouth of the cave, and rendering it inaccessible from that point, fell the same stream that filled the basins in Eleanor's garden. This brook went leaping from ledge to ledge, a mere thread in the heats of summer, but a torrent after the snows of winter. Just now it might have been likened to some tricksy sprite, as it flung its light spray over the fairy clusters of the maiden's hair, and the towering *Osmunda Regalis*, and bathed them into a fresher, brighter verdure.

Sitting here, watching the white sails of a distant vessel, and discussing the sandwiches Eleanor produced from her little basket, the young man ventured to ask a question to which his whole soul was hungering for an answer.

"Of course you are well acquainted with the neighborhood of St. Erne, Cousin Eleanor?"

"Not very. In hot weather the walk is a fatiguing one, and there is so much distress in these fishing villages whenever it is too cold and stormy for the boats to go out that I cannot bear to confront it, unless my purse is tolerably full."

This was discouraging, but still Max persevered.

"These poor fishers were very kind to me while I lay ill. I suppose you know most of them."

"By sight, yes. They are fine, sturdy, warm-hearted fellows! I cannot sleep when the wind is rough, for thinking of those who are toiling on the deep, and the anxiety of the wives and mothers who watch and weep for them at home."

"Are you acquainted with Daniel Calynack, the old man who nursed me in his little cottage?"

Eleanor nodded assent.

"Dangerous quarters for you, wasn't it, Mr. Haverying? Old Dan is supposed to have dealings with the Piskies" (fairies), "and is regarded altogether as an uncanny sort of person. He did not cast his spells over you, did he?"

"Not that I am aware of," said Max, annoyed at feeling a ruddy hue overspreading his face. "Do you know Dan's niece?"

"Has he one? Is it some twinge of conscience connected with the poor girl that has caused you to redden so guiltily? Oh, Mr. Haverying, it will be an ungenerous return for the kindness of which you speak if you have made some simple child unhappy!"

"Daniel Calynack's niece is a widow," she was curtly told.

"I beg your pardon. I hope my blunt speeches have not offended you," Eleanor exclaimed. "What is this widow's name? Is there any way in which you wish me to serve her?"

The kindly warmth of her manner induced Max to unbosom himself a little further.

"She calls herself Mrs. Letitia Rayne, and is so superior in manners and appearance to the old fisherman, that I have some curiosity to know more about her than she was willing to tell. I thought you might have been able to gratify me, but if the name is not familiar——"

He paused, and looked inquiringly at his fair companion, who mused awhile before replying.

"If I remember rightly, I have heard mention made of a reckless, dissolute fellow called Tom Rayne, who came to St. Erne occasionally, and was a great trouble to old Dan. He must have been the spouse of your widow, for there are no families of that name resident in this neighborhood."

"Yes, it is the same, I suppose," Max replied; but even as he did so he was asking himself if it could be possible that his pure, white lily, so delicate, so refined, was ever the wedded wife of a drunken, reckless fisherman?

"Is it impossible? I will never believe it!" he exclaimed, unconsciously speaking aloud. Then, seeing Eleanor's surprise, he stammered, confusedly. "Do you know how long he has been dead?"

"Who? Rayne? Let me think. Ah, yes, I recollect now hearing some one say that Dan Calynack's cousin, or nephew—whichever it might be—was killed in a brawl at a low public-house at Plymouth."

"How long since?"

"I believe it must be three years at least since he was at St. Erne, and his death happened soon after his last visit."

Why, then, here was confirmation strong that Max had concluded rightly, for Mistress Letty must have been little more than a child at that time; and the weeds of widowhood she wore were either a disguise, or donned for some one very different to the Tom Rayne of Eleanor Haydon's story.

"Are you very much interested in this bereaved matron, Mr. Haverying?" was the inquiry with which his fair companion presently aroused him from his reverie.

His answering "I am, indeed!" was spoken so emphatically as to silence the teasing speeches hovering on Eleanor's lips. She looked as if her feminine curiosity would be on the *qui vive* till she learned more, but Max was evidently in no humor to be questioned. With his head on his hand, he was gazing out at sea, mentally recalling every look and tone of the mysterious Letty; and still more vividly arose before him the agitation she had betrayed when he acknowledged himself to be a relative of Mr. Penruan.

In what way she was connected with the Squire remained to be learned, and it appeared as if the information was only to be had from that gentleman himself. Miss Haydon, from whom Max had been hoping to glean so much, could tell him nothing; she was either in ignorance of Mistress Letty's very existence, or baffled by her assumption of the name and character she had chosen to adopt; and it seemed useless questioning her any further.

"When you are sufficiently rested," Eleanor observed at last, "it may be as well to return to the upper regions. Once there, you may regain your lost senses, and the faculty of saying a civil thing or two. I can put up with half an hour of utter silence, but more than that tries my patience dreadfully."

"Pray forgive my rudeness," said Max, "and do not go till you have given me some information about a mutual friend whom I hoped to have met at Penruan. I mean Captain Renton."

Eleanor, who had been carelessly reclining on a rude bench, arranging the ferns she had plucked, started up with glowing cheeks and dilated eyes, and began to look at and question Heveryng distrustfully.

"Do you know him? What has he told you? What has he said about me? Why have you concealed this from me till now?"

"Don't begin to bring accusations against me till I have some conception as to what I have done amiss," retorted Max, not at all sorry to have turned the tables upon her. "I'll answer your questions, if you please, in the order you put them."

She seated herself, and bent over her ferns, so as to conceal her crimson face, but did not speak, and Max proceeded:—

"Do you know Captain Renton? Yes. I met with him in London, and liked him so well, that when he spoke of visiting Cornwall, I insisted on having the address of the friends with whom he talked of staying, that I might renew our acquaintance. Singularly enough, I found that his destination was Penruan. Secondly, what has Captain Renton said about Miss Eleanor Haydon? I answer, nothing."

"That will do; you need not go any further; I am quite satisfied. It is pleasanter sometimes to know one's-self forgotten than remembered."

"I should not think it was so easy to forget you, Cousin Eleanor," said Max, softly.

"Why? because I have a hot temper and a sharp tongue? No, don't answer with a compliment to my pretty face, because I shall not thank you for it. But tell me what you want to know about Captain Renton?"

"Only whether I am likely to see him while I am here."

"I hope not. I mean he will not come if he has sense enough to take the advice I gave him when he followed us to Penruan a few weeks since."

"Has Captain Renton been so unfortunate as to offend you?" Max ventured to ask; and her countenance softened to a pensive gravity, while something very much like a tear glistened in her dark eyes.

"Offended me? No, no. I would be the most faithful of his friends if he would let me! Poor Charlie! He is one of the best fellows in the world, Mr. Haverying. I wish you could persuade him to accompany you when you go back to California. He could get leave of absence, and the thorough change of scene would make a stronger, wiser man of him."

"Before I ask him to do this, I ought to ascertain how far it would be palatable. He may have cogent reasons for preferring to stay in England."

But Eleanor was leading the way back to the entrance of the cave, and did not choose to continue the conversation. Max assisted her to climb some rough step in the side of the chasm, that made the ascent easier, and then walked beside her to the house, where she led the way to the library.

"Here I shall leave you, Mr. Haverying, if you think you can amuse yourself with such a poor collection of books as these shelves contain."

"Thanks; I can make myself very comfortable in that fine oriel, with the daily paper and my pipe, if smoking here is not forbidden. I saw Mr. Penruan's pouch and meerschaum lying on yonder table, or should not have ventured to propose it."

Eleanor smilingly gave her permission, and was tripping away when Max observed, "I must not forget my way back to the other rooms. At present I am not quite up to the latitude and longitude of the Abbey. Where would yonder door lead me?"

There was a little hesitation perceptible in her manner as she replied, "That one is locked. It leads to a part of the house we do not use. If you should lose yourself, you must cry out for help, and I'll be good-natured enough to come to your assistance."

She left him, and Max, lying full length on a curiously carved settee, placed beneath the oriel window, smoked at his ease, and thought the while of Letty, or laid wild schemes for watching the cottage of Dan Calynack, and tracking the old fisherman to her abode. No one broke in upon his meditations for the first hour or so; but just as he was debating whether he should re-fill his meerschaum, or go and finish his work in Eleanor's garden, one of the female servants entered the library. She did not perceive the recumbent figure on the settee, but crossed the room to the locked door, at which she tapped three times. At the third tap it was opened. The girl interchanged a few words in whispers with some one on the other side; the door was reclosed, a key grating in the lock, and the servant quitted the library, still unconscious of the presence of Max.

A trivial circumstance this to record, but he could not banish it from his memory, for had not Eleanor Haydon—the proud and apparently truth-loving Eleanor—assured him, not two hours earlier, that this door communicated with a portion of the Abbey that was not used? How was he to reconcile her statement with what he had just seen?—and if Eleanor knew that it was a false one, why did she palm it upon him?

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHASE, AND HOW IT BEGAN.

Mr. Penruan did not return till after his lady and Eleanor had joined Max in the drawing-room, and the cook had grown uneasy about her dishes. When he did make his appearance, a chill fell upon the trio awaiting him, for the first glance revealed that his humor had changed since the morning.

The carpenter had manfully defended himself against the charge of extortion, and by his bold bearing so incensed his accuser, that Mr. Penruan had ridden off to his lawyer. Here another vexation awaited him. The only person on his estate in whom he placed any confidence, had taken advantage of that confidence to outwit him in some bargain, and the discovery rendered the avaricious Squire more furious than before.

Mr. Penruan's was not the wrath that expends itself in oaths and angry exclamations. It smouldered, like some undetected fire, and was, therefore, all the more dangerous, for it fed upon itself and none knew when or where it would burst forth.

At its present stage, it was evinced by an ominous sullenness, which not even the presence of a guest induced him to throw off; and certainly Mr. Penruan in the sulks was one of the ugliest specimens of an ill-tempered man that could be witnessed.

To Max, the Squire's lowering looks and gruff monosyllables mattered little, for the Californian was too good-humored to take offence at the peevishness of a man so many years his senior; and his half-civilized life had taught him to bear and forbear, except when his hot-blood was fairly roused by insult or ill-usage.

He chatted, therefore, and laughed as freely as before the Squire returned; but he was the only one present who could behave with such careless unconcern. The servants were nervous, and evidently afraid to move; and Mrs. Penruan, at other times the petted invalid, now shrank into herself, cast scared looks at her tyrant, and did not venture to draw his attention upon her by the utterance of any of the plaintive little murmurs in which she generally indulged.

Eleanor on the contrary, sat erect and defiant; the rich crimson on her cheeks deepening, and her nostrils dilating with indignation, every time the Squire's rudeness became offensive. To her it was marked; he did not condescend to pay her the commonest courtesies due to a lady at the dinner table; and had she not chosen to partake of a side dish near at hand, her plate would have remained empty.

At last, some trifling mistake, made by the footman in waiting, resulted in the plate he had nearly dropped being flung at his head with such savage violence, that the man staggered and turned pale.

Involuntarily, Max rose, and Eleanor did the same, and drew nearer to her mother, who had stifled a faint shriek in her pocket handkerchief, and closed her eyes.

"Will you give your arm to mamma, Mr. Haverying?" asked the young lady, her clear incisive tones ringing with the scorn she did not care to conceal. "She cannot accustom herself to Mr. Penruan's gentlemanly treatment of his servants."

"Yes, I had better go to my room," gasped the poor lady, with an entreating glance at her daughter. "I'm not very well; the—the draughts from the door affect me. Dear Eleanor," she added, in a whisper, "pray say no more!"

The young girl bit her lip, and signed to Max to lead her mother away; but before Mrs. Penruan's shawl could be arranged to her liking, or her other wraps and cushions collected, there was a little stir under the table, and Mr. Penruan started up, exclaiming, "Here is a dog in the room! Whose dog is it?"

Eleanor sprang forward. There was only one creature of the canine species tolerated at the Abbey besides the fierce yard dog and her mother's spotted favorite; an old retriever that had attached itself to her, and always lay on the mat at her door at night. To this dog Mr. Penruan had frequently testified a dislike, and it was therefore kept as much as possible out of his way; but Rufe, catching a glimpse of his young mistress, had crept after her into the dining-room, and might have lain there undiscovered if he had not emerged from his hiding place to follow her when she quitted her seat.

"Rufe has not done any harm, Mr. Penruan," she said, interposing herself between her frowning step-father and the dog. "I will take him away with me."

Vouchsafing no notice of her interference, the Squire still moved towards the animal, "on vicious purposes intent," and again Eleanor would have shielded her favorite; but grasping her by the arm, Mr. Penruan held her back, while he bestowed on Rufe a savage kick, that sent the poor creature howling from the room.

The yelps of the dog were supplemented by the shrill screams of Mrs. Penruan, who, sinking from the supporting arms of Max, lay back in her chair, beating the air with her hands, in violent hysterics.

The confusion was now extreme; the Squire certainly hurried to his lady's assistance, but at the same time so loudly abused the servants whom his shouts and peal at the bell brought into the room, that the restoratives for which they were despatched proved ineffectual; and the scene would have been ludicrous if it had not verged on the disgusting.

"Come away," said Eleanor, touching Max on the arm. "We can be of no use here, and do but expose ourselves to insult by remaining."

"But your mother?" asked Max, with a glance at the distorted features of the struggling lady.

Eleanor's look followed the direction of his, and she sighed, but answered, "Mamma will do well enough. She will scream till she is exhausted, and by that time Mr. Penruan will be alarmed and penitent. Cold water and a stern remonstrance are the only remedies that would be really effectual in these attacks, and it is no use suggesting them; so let us go into the garden."

But though Mr. Penruan's step-daughter talked with such calm and bitter significance, Max found that the hand resting on his sleeve was trembling; and there were hot tears glistening on her eyelashes, as they strolled along the grass-grown terrace.

"Penruan Abbey isn't the pleasantest of houses to visit at," she said, presently. "You must not go back to America imagining that what you see and hear here are fair specimens of the manners and customs of the English gentry. We are an exceptional family, Mr. Haverying; you will not care to stay long with us."

"I shall be sorry to go away," Max answered, frankly; "and I suppose storms will ruffle the calmest seas sometimes."

"Ay, but such gales as we have had today ruffle our domestic atmosphere too often! If Mr. Penruan would but control himself in the presence of strangers, I could better bear it," she added, passionately. "I am ashamed that you should have witnessed such conduct!"

"Pooh!" said Max, anxious to make light of what had occurred. "You forget that I am a relative, and ought to feel flattered that Mr. Penruan refuses to treat me as a stranger."

"You must be very proud of such kinship," cried Eleanor, scornfully. "If you knew—if I could bring myself to tell you——"

Here the young man gently interrupted her.

"My dear cousin, why dwell on such unpleasant topics?—they do but excite you, and make us both uncomfortable. If you could but resolve to turn a deaf ear to the snappish speeches of an ill-tempered old man——"

But now, Eleanor could be silent no longer.

"What! bend my neck to his yoke—suffer myself to be wronged and trampled on in every way? Can you bid me do this after what you saw just now? Can you expect me to be forbearing to the unfeeling man who ill-treated the poor dog that loves me, and uses me thus, when I interfere in its behalf?"

As she spoke, she held up her round white arm, and Max saw that Squire Penruan, in grasping it, had dug his nails into the soft flesh with a force that had left the purple and bleeding imprints of his violence.

An indignant exclamation burst from the lips of the young man, and he turned sharply round to return to the dining-room.

But Eleanor detained him.

"What are you going to do?"

"What should I do, but seek Mr. Penruan, and tell him what I think of such dastardly conduct."

"And bring down his wrath upon your own head?"

Max drew himself up.

"*Caramba!* what signifies that? Who is John Penruan, that I should hesitate to speak my mind in his hearing? He can but bid me leave his house when I have done!"

But still Eleanor, half-laughing, half-tearful, clung to his arm.

"And you would be content to leave the Abbey, and see me no more? For shame, sir! how ungallant! No, no, Mr. Haverying; I positively forbid you to remonstrate with my step-father. I am grateful for your sympathy, but I cannot accept your championship. In fact—and now I appeal to your sober sense—*it would do more harm than good*, and possibly might compel me to quit the Abbey."

"The very step I should advise you to take. Surely you have friends, who would give you a happier home than you can enjoy under the roof of Mr. Penruan?"

Eleanor shook her head.

"I cannot leave the Abbey; it is not to be thought of. If you really wish to be my friend, Mr. Haverying, you will help me to forget what has happened this evening, and to practise some of that forbearance you advocate. Do you know that your friend, Captain Renton, is threatening to pay us a flying visit?"

She was evidently desirous of changing the subject, and Max could but follow her lead, so the evil moods of the Squire were not alluded to again during their stroll, which was prolonged till the moon rose; and when they re-entered the house, Eleanor pleaded fatigue, and went to her own rooms, an example Max thought it would be prudent to follow. There he secured himself from another nocturnal visit by dragging an old-fashioned wardrobe across the panel from which he still believed that some one had peered at him on the previous night.

On the morrow, Mr. Penruan no sooner entered the breakfast-parlor than he made a confused apology to his guest for the unpleasantness of the preceding day.

"I am afraid we made you uncomfortable amongst us, Mr. Haverying, and perhaps I was, in some measure, the cause; but my wife's delicate health preys upon my spirits, and when to that is added the anxieties that always attend property, the stupidity of the servants, and the obstinate—— But, come, kinsman, we'll not wait for the ladies. I want you to taste these mackerel, caught on our coast not more than two hours ago, and boiled directly; it is the only way of eating the fish at its prime."

Max looked bewildered at the sudden change in his host's manner, till he perceived that Eleanor had entered the room while Mr. Penruan was speaking. To her that gentleman did not seem to think any apology necessary; but as soon as the meal was over, he carried Max away to show him, and have his opinion on, some improvements on the farm attached to the Abbey.

As Eleanor was invisible when Max made his escape, and Mrs. Penruan was not well enough to leave her chamber, he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity for strolling as far as the cottage of Dan Calynack. But the old fisherman was out, and the cottage, where he had spent so many happy hours beside Mistress Letty, was closely shut up.

Disappointed in the hope of receiving that message, or a reply to his letter, which he still believed that she would entrust to Dan for him, Max re-climbed the cliffs, and strolled across the fields on the summit towards the primitive little town, that lay some five miles on the other side of the Abbey. As he neared it, he remembered to have heard Eleanor express a wish that she had some fine wire for mounting some feather flowers she was making, and he turned into the High Street, and sought for a shop where the article could be procured.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEVIS.

The Lyons diligence was just going to start from Geneva. I climbed on the roof, and chose my place next the driver; there was still a vacant seat, and the porter called "Monsieur Dermann!"

A tall young man, with German style of countenance advanced, holding in his arms a large black greyhound, which he vainly tried to place on the roof.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing me, "will you have the kindness to take my dog?"

Bending over, I took hold of the animal, and placed him on the straw at my feet. I observed that he wore a handsome silver collar, on which the following words were tastefully engraved:—"*Bevis. I belong to Sir Arthur Burnley, given him by Miss Clara.*"

His owner was, therefore, an Englishman; yet my fellow-traveller, who had now taken his place by my side, was evidently either a Swiss or a German, and his name was Dermann. Trifling as was the mystery, it excited my curiosity, and after two or three hours' pleasant conversation had established a sort of intimacy between us, I ventured to ask my companion for an explanation.

"It does not surprise me," he answered, "that this collar should puzzle you; and I shall have great pleasure in telling you the story of the wearer. Bevis belongs to me, but it is not many years since he owned another master, whose name is on his collar. You will see why he still wears it. Here, Bevis! speak to this gentleman."

The dog raised his head, opened his bright eyes, and laying back his long ears, uttered a sound which might well pass for a salutation.

M. Dermann placed the animal's head on his knees, and began to unfasten the collar.

Instantly Bevis drew back his head with a violent jerk, and darted towards the luggage on the hinder part of the roof. There, growling fiercely, he lay down, while his muscles were stiffened, and his eyes glowing with fury.

"You see, monsieur, how determined he is to guard his collar; I should not like to be the man who would try to rob him of it. Here, Bevis," said he, in a self-caressing tone; "I won't touch it again, poor fellow! Come and make friends!"

The greyhound hesitated, still growling. At length he returned slowly towards his master, and began to lick his hands; his muscles gradually relaxed, and he trembled like a leaf.

"There, boy, there," said M. Dermann, caressing him. "We won't do it again. Lie down now, and be quiet."

The dog nestled between his master's feet, and went to sleep. My fellow-traveller then turning towards me, began:—

"I am a native of Suabia, but I live in a little village of the Sherland, at the foot of the Grimsel. My father keeps an inn for the reception of travellers going to St. Gothard. About two years since, there arrived at our house one evening a young Englishman, with a pale, sad countenance; he travelled on foot, and was followed by a large greyhound, this Bevis, whom you see. He declined taking any refreshment, and asked to be shown to his sleeping-room. We gave him one over the common hall, where we were all seated round the fire. Presently we heard him pacing rapidly up and down; from time to time uttering broken words, addressed no doubt to his dog, for the animal moaned occasionally, as if replying to, and sympathising with, his master. At length we heard the Englishman stop, and apparently strike the dog a violent blow, for the poor beast gave a loud howl of agony, and seemed, as if he ran to take refuge under the bed. Then his master groaned aloud. Soon afterwards he lay down, and all was quiet for the night. Early next morning he came down, looking still more pale than on the previous evening; and having paid for his lodging, he took his knapsack, and resumed his journey, followed by the greyhound, who had eaten nothing since their arrival, and whose master seemed to take no further notice of him, than to frown when the creature ventured to caress him.

"About noon, I happened to be standing at the door, looking towards the direction which the Englishman had taken, when I perceived a dark object moving slowly along. Presently I heard howls of distress proceeding from a wounded dog that was dragging himself towards me. I ran to him, and recognised the Englishman's greyhound. His head was torn, evidently by a bullet, and one of his paws broken. I raised him in my arms, and carried him into the house. When I crossed the threshold he made evident efforts to escape; so I placed him on the ground. Then, in spite of the torture he was suffering, which caused him to stagger every moment, he dragged himself up-stairs and began to scratch at the door of the room where his master had slept, moaning at the same so piteously, that I could scarce help weeping myself. I opened the door, and with a great effort he got into the room, looked about, and not finding whom he sought, he fell down motionless.

"I called my father; and perceiving that the dog was not dead, we gave him all possible assistance, taking, indeed, as much care of him as though he had been a child, so much did we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed us much affection; we found it, however, impossible to take off his collar, even for the purpose of binding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk, he would often go towards the mountain, and be absent for hours. The second time this occurred, we followed him. He proceeded as far as a part of the road where a narrow defile borders a precipice; there he continued for a long time, smelling and scratching about. We conjectured that the Englishman might have been attacked by robbers on this spot, and his dog wounded in defending him. However, no event of the kind had occurred in the country, and after the strictest search, no corpse was discovered. Recollecting, therefore, the manner in which the traveller had treated his dog, I came to the conclusion that he had tried to kill the faithful creature. But wherefore? This was a mystery which I could not solve.

"Bevis remained with us, testifying the utmost gratitude for our kindness. His intelligence and good-humor attracted the strangers who frequented our inn, while the inscription on his collar, and the tale we had to tell of him, failed not to excite their curiosity. One morning in autumn, I had been out to take a walk, accompanied by Bevis. When I returned, I found seated by the fire, in the common hall, a newly-arrived traveller, who looked around as I entered. As soon as he perceived Bevis, he started, and called him. The dog immediately darted towards him with frantic demonstrations of joy. He ran round him, smelling his clothes, and uttered the sort of salutation with which he honored you just now, and finally placing his fore-paws on the traveller's knees, began to lick his face.

"'Where is your master, Bevis? Where is Sir Arthur?' said the stranger, in English.

"The noble dog howled piteously, and lay down at the traveller's feet. Then the latter begged us to explain his presence. I did so; and as he listened, I saw a tear fall on the beautiful head of the greyhound, whom he leant over to caress.

"'Monsieur,' he said, addressing me, 'from what you tell me, I venture to hope that Sir Arthur still lives. We have been friends from childhood. About three years since, he married a rich heiress, and this dog was presented to him by her. Bevis was highly cherished for his fidelity, a quality which unhappily was not possessed by his mistress. She left her fond and loving husband, and eloped with another man. Sir Arthur sued for a divorce, and obtained it; then, having arranged his affairs in England, he set out for the Continent, followed only by his dog. His friends knew not whither he went; but it now appears that he was here last spring. Doubtless, the presence of Bevis, evermore recalling the memory of her who had so cruelly wronged him, must have torn his heart, and at length impelled him to destroy the faithful creature. But the shot not having been mortal, the dog, I imagine, when he recovered consciousness, was led by instinct to seek the house where his master last slept. Now, monsieur, he is yours, and I heartily thank you for the kindness you have shown him.'

"About ten o'clock, the stranger retired to his room, after having caressed Bevis, who escorted him to his door, and then returned to his accustomed place before the fire. My parents and the servants had retired to rest, and I prepared to follow their example, my bed being placed at one end of the common hall. While I was undressing, I heard a storm rising in the mountains. Just then there came a knocking at the door, and Bevis began to growl. I asked who was there? A voice replied, 'Two travellers who want a night's lodging.' I opened a small chink of the door to look out, and perceived two ragged men, each leaning on a large club. I did not like their looks; and knowing that several robberies had been committed in the neighborhood, I refused them admission, telling them that in the next village they would readily find shelter. They approached the door, as though they meant to force their way in; but Bevis made his voice heard in so formidable a manner that they judged it prudent to retire. I bolted the door, and went to bed. Bevis, according to his custom, lay down near the threshold, but neither of us felt inclined to sleep.

"A quarter of an hour passed, when suddenly, above the wailing of the wind, came the loud, shrill cry of a human being in distress. Bevis rushed against the door with a fearful howl; at the same moment came the report of a gun, followed by another cry. Two minutes afterwards, I was on the road, armed with a carbine, and holding a dark lantern; my father and the stranger, armed, accompanied me. As for Bevis, he had darted out of the house, and disappeared.

"We approached the defile which I mentioned before, at the moment when a flash of lightning illumined the scene. A hundred yards in advance, we saw Bevis grasping a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him; for two men, whom I recognised as those who had sought admittance at our inn, lay dead, strangled by his powerful jaws. Further on, we discoved another man, whose bloody wounds the noble dog was licking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry: it was Sir Arthur—the master of Bevis!"

Here M. Dermann paused; the recollection seemed to overcome him; and he stooped to caress the sleeping greyhound, in order to hide his emotion. After awhile, he finished his recital in a few words.

"Sir Arthur was mortally wounded, but he lived long enough to recognise his dog and to confess that, in a moment of desperation, he had tried to kill the faithful creature, who now avenged his death, by slaying the robbers who attacked him. He appointed the stranger his executor and settled a large pension on Bevis, to revert to the family of the inn-keeper, wishing thus to testify his repentant love towards his dog, and his gratitude to those who had succored him. The grief of Bevis was excessive; he watched by his master's couch, covering his dead body with caresses, and for a long time lay stretched on his grave, refusing to take nourishment: and it was not until after the lapse of many months that the affection of his new master seemed to console him for the death of Sir Arthur."

As my fellow-traveller finished the recital, the diligence stopped to change horses at the little town of Mantua. Here M. Dermann's journey ended, and having taken down his luggage, he asked me to assist the descent of his dog. I shook hands with him cordially; and then called Bevis, who, seeing me on such good terms with his master, placed his large paws on my breast, and uttered a low, friendly bark. Shortly afterwards they both disappeared from my sight, but not from my memory, as this little narrative has proved.

A BLACKSMITH, having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom, "I shall never sue anybody for slander. I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court house in a year!"

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MY EPISODE.

BY "JOHN JACK."

I.

We were late forty minutes at Islip,
And were climbing like mad down the track;
We had shot thirty odd through the tunnel,
With the Brighton Express at our back.
For 'twas woe to the engine and driver
That swings under Vauxhall too late;
So down the long grade over Exton
We swept like the rush of a Fate.

II.

That I'd never a crash or collision,
Had oft been my pride and my boast,
For I kept a long look-out for signals,
And saw that all clear was the coast,
While Ned he went over the fresale,
And Robert he shot down the slope;
But my wheels never waded through slaughter,
Or glanced down the long telescope.

III.

I was rounding the curve down at Dunning,
Where my cottage just swings into sight,
And I caught the last glint of the sunbeams
On the tin of the roof, flashing bright;
For you see I had moved up my shanty
Where 'twas handy to lay off at noon—
From Saturday over till Monday,
Which always come terribly soon.

IV.

And there, Oh, God, how it thrills me!
Was a sight that even now takes me back,
For I saw my sunny-eyed baby
Just creeping along on the track.
He was gathering the little bright pebbles
That gleam like the glitter of gold;
And I felt my hands turning to icebergs,
And my heart growing pulseless and cold.

V.

But I choked down a great gulp of terror,
And put my lips close to the pipe,
And blew such a long blast of horror
As made my heart shiver and gripe;
But the child didn't seem e'en to hear it,
And pinned his wee hands on the ties;
Oh, God! I turned sick, and a blackness
Swept vision and sight from my eyes.

VI.

I have seen men swing off from the gibbet,
And hang dying hard in the air;
And shipwrecks far out in the channel,
And sights that have risen the hair;
And I've seen brother grapple with brother,
As choking they've writhed like mad dogs,
But no sight ever froze out my marrow
As that child toddling off on the logs.

VII.

When suddenly out from the cottage
Came swiftly the form of my wife;
Her face was all deadly with pallor—
I ne'er saw such white in my life;
And I waited to hear her wild screaming,
And my knees were all shaking and weak,
But she stood half a second a statue,
But an age seemed to pass e'er she'd speak.

VII.

"Oh, Freddie, my darling! just listen:
Come and kiss mother, my sweet!"
The words came as soft and as gentle
As the wind whispering over the wheat,
And the boy laughed loud and looked upward,
Then off of the sleepers he crept,
And past, in the flash of a second,
Like the breath of a whirlwind, we swept.

IX.

They tell me I've lived kind of reckless,
And preaching was never my line,
But if ever a man was converted,
In just half a second of time,
'Twas I, and until it doth please *Him*
To lay me down under the sod,
I'll tell of the sweet loving kindness
Of a loving and merciful God.

GETTY'S STORY.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

I am Patricia Gathe's black pony, and I know a story. I cannot speak, but I have eyes to see with and a heart to feel, and I know how it all was, next best to my beautiful mistress, Patricia, herself.

I was brought to Ashpark,—the old Gathe estate—for Colonel Gathe's niece, and when he gave me to her, and said she could ride when she chose, she was delighted. She was a blonde slip of a girl, barely nineteen years old, and yet she was heiress of that beautiful old place with its terraces, fountains, and ash avenues.

It was so still there that you could hear the trees grow. Colonel Gathe was absent from home more than half the time. The servants were old, quiet and reserved. Few visitors arrived. My mistress looked, lonesome, so young and fair, and so unlike the gray old heads around her. Her gold curls were on her neck, and she wore a dress of soft silk that changed its purples in the sun like the breast of a dove.

"Where did you get him, uncle?" she asked timidly, that first day, as she stood on the terrace, and old Tom, the hostler, led me round and round for her inspection.

"At the County Fair. And I picked up a groom there to ride with you, a very honest fellow, they told me, who used to own the pony," said the Colonel. "So no more pale cheeks, Patricia; ride every day, all over the country, and don't let me hear any more reports from old Elspeth of your moping."

"No, uncle. What is his name?"

"O, I don't know. Call him Jim Crow—he's black enough."

"O, that's not pretty. I should like to call him 'Getty.'"

"That will do. Why you begin to look rosy already, Patricia," for her cheeks suddenly flamed like fire.

"Will the new groom take care of the pony, sir?" asked the old hostler, jealously.

"Yes; he seemed very anxious for the place, and I engaged him for a trifle," replied the Colonel. "You are getting too old to follow a gay young lady in her gallops, Tom."

"O, yes sir; I have quite enough to do," replied old Tom, with the injured air of an indulged servant, at which the Colonel laughed, and told Patricia to run in out of the sun, before she spoiled her complexion.

But that evening she came out to the stables, which were as neat as a pin, and looked at me in my stall. She wore a white dress with a pink rose at the belt, and her eyes looked as if she had been crying.

"How pretty he is!" patting me with her little hand. "Do you know I shall be very fond of him, Tom?"

"I think likely, Miss."

"When is the new groom coming, Tom?"

"To-morrow, Miss."

"Then I will ride at sundown; be sure and remember."

"Yes, Miss."

Though she spoke so cheerfully, I knew she had been crying, for there was a little sobbing breath on her lips when she laid her soft cheek against my glossy neck.

It was quite late when my old master, young Evan Neal, arrived. It seemed good to see another young face there. You may not know that horses feel the influence of bright eyes and smiles, as well as of cheery voices. I whinneyed as soon as he came inside the stable-door.

"Well, Getty, little boy, how are you this morning? and how do you like your new quarters?" he asked, patting me on the shoulder where Miss Gathe had patted me.

I snuffled at his pocket for a bit of bread.

"Ah! you're the same knowing fellow! How does the young lady like the pony?" he asked old Tom.

"The young lady seems to have took a fancy for him," says Tom.

Evan Neal was breathing quicker as he combed my mane with his fingers.

"Ay! she left word as you was to be ready to ride with her this afternoon at sundown."

"All right!" says Evan Neal.

By-and-by, along in the afternoon, Evan says to old Tom,

"What kind of a young lady is Miss Gathe?"

"Well, she's one of the quiet kind; not a highflyer or toppin'-like. She won't make no trouble for no one. For see she warn't brought up at Ashpark, though she's heiress, now."

"Wasn't she?" said Evan Neal.

"No," said old Tom, chewing a straw. (He was always chewing straws.) "We ain't had no young ladies round here since the Colonel's wife died, twenty-five years ago. *She'd* make things fly 'round! Now Miss Patricia ain't one of them sort."

"Patricia?"

"Yes. Colonel changed her name when he adopted her. Took her away from some poor relations, two years ago, and made her his heiress. I don't know the rights of it. We ain't allowed even to refer to it, no mora'n if she'd been born here. But it's a quiet place here for a young gal. I wonder, sometimes, if she didn't leave some behind she'd like to see."

Evan Neal didn't speak. He stood still, listening. Old Tom sat on the grain bin, swinging his feet, and went on.

"I'm so glad she's got the pony. He'll be company for her when she goes out. I used to drive her in the carriage, but she come back looking as pale as she went. She was a rosy little thing when she came here two years ago; now she's as pale as the proudest of them."

Here Tom got up and went to water his horses, but Evan Neal stood still as stone, except that he shook his head again and again. By-and-by he gave a deep sigh, and went out of sight.

At five o'clock he came and saddled me carefully. When he led me around for Miss Gathe to mount, his hand trembled.

When she came running down the terrace steps, in her long skirt, a little black velvet cap on her head, her blue eyes dilated and her cheek grew pale as ashes. But she came right on, and Colonel Gathe put her in the saddle, and she turned my head down the drive, and away we went like the wind, Evan Neal's horse trotting smartly after.

When we were in the woods, she wheeled me around. He came up, and took off his cap, and sat looking at her blue eyes and pale face, and neither spoke a word. Then she said:

"O, Evan, why did you come here?"

"To see you Pearl," he replied.

"That is not my name, now," she said, sadly. "I am Patricia Gathe, and everything is different from what it used to be."

"I don't know any Miss Patricia Gathe!" he exclaimed. "I only know Pearl Payne, the little girl who loved me two years ago. You did love me, Pearl. When your father died and my grandmother offered you a home with us, you came gladly, because it was my house, and we were happy together. I never asked you to be my wife, Pearl, but you know that I was true to you, and 'twas you I was saving my money for. I left home for three days, and when I came back you were gone. Gone with never a word for me, Pearl! They told me about your rich uncle,—but I wouldn't believe you meant to leave me so. I have waited and waited, for one little word—but two years have gone by, and you never sent me any."

Her slight form was trembling like a leaf.

"I have tried and tried, but I could hear nothing of you, Pearl. At last I heard that the Colonel was looking for a pony for you to ride, and I got a young man to take Getty to the County Fair, and sell him to him; and to recommend me for a groom. I knew that I could get the chance to see you, to talk with you, Pearl."

She covered her face with her gloved hands and sobbed.

"Didn't you know the pony, Pearl?" he asked, sadly.

"No; he has grown so. But I thought he looked like the little colt you were breaking, and let me name, and so I called him Getty."

"Then you do care a little for those old times, Pearl?"

She cried harder and harder, and could not speak for a time. But when he tried to take her hand, she shook her head and said:

"O, Evan, you must not love me. My uncle has done everything for me, and he would not hear of my marrying you."

"Then you care so much for your uncle and his money—for being the rich Miss Gathe! Pearl, where was your rich uncle when you lived at Farmlands, and worked all day, and bore with your drunken father. Who cared for you then?"

"Oh, Evan, you did!"

"At any rate, it was not him. But when you are relieved of your incumbrance, and he comes to Farmlands, and finds you pretty and as much a lady as if you lived at Ashpark all your days, he must needs take you from older friends and make you false to them."

"False? Oh, Evan, there is not a day that I would not be back in the old farmhouse, free and happy again! But I cannot go back now. It is too late. Oh, it is too late, Evan! He has given me his name, made me his own daughter, given me all his property, that I may be the child of his old age. If I marry, I must marry to please him. If he saw me talking to you in this way——"

"He would beat me over the head with the butt of his whip. I know that. But the next minute I would strangle him, Pearl!"

"Oh, hush! hush!"

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me, Pearl! I do not know what I am saying, I am so sore tried. Oh, Pearl, I pray you to be true to your own heart, and come with me, back to the old home. It is a good and comfortable home, and you were happy there. What do you care for all this splendor? You are lonely and heartsick at Ashpark."

She wept silently.

"Pearl—" he began again, but she interrupted him.

"Oh, Evan, I cannot! it is useless to talk. I have been here two years, and I have solemnly promised to respect his wishes as long as he lives. He is sixty years old, and not used to disappointment; it would kill him if he knew I would leave him."

"It is his pride that needs you, Pearl. Do you think he loves you as I do?"

"He loves me," she replied.

"As he would love a canary or goldfinch he has caged. You are pale and wan. You used to be blooming and bright as a rose."

"I have studies and music; they keep me much confined. Oh, Evan, do not talk to me any more; I must do what is right."

She gathered up her lines and rode out upon the road again. He kept spiritlessly at a distance. The people she passed on the turnpike saw nothing, knew nothing, unless they may have fancied that Miss Gathe, riding with her groom, was having a very dull time. She rode very slowly, and when they reached Ashpark gates, the twilight was gathering, and no one noticed that she had been crying.

She did not ride again immediately; and then out comes the Colonel to the stables.

"Did my niece get frightened in her ride? Did the pony stumble, or offer to run away, or anything of that sort?"

"The pony behaved well, sir," said Evan Neal.

"She seems averse to riding. I am very sorry. But she must ride, as her health needs it, and you may bring her pony around at five o'clock this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

When she came down on the terrace, she looked so pale and spiritless you would not wonder the Colonel was anxious about her health.

"Try a good gallop, Patricia; the pony has speed, and is safe," said he. "Take good care of her, Neal."

"I will, sir."

When we reached the woods, she stopped and turned in the saddle of her own accord.

"Evan, I want to speak to you."

He rode up quickly.

"I know what you are going to say," he said. "You want me to go away from Ashpark."

"Yes," she faltered, very pale. "And to forget me, Evan."

"Can you forget me, Pearl?"

"No. But you need not mind that."

"Oh, Pearl, he is making you like himself, cold and hard! You used not to speak so without warmth or feeling."

For a moment she shook in the saddle like a reed buffeted by the wind.

"Evan," she continued, calmly, "my uncle insists that I shall ride, and I *cannot* ride with you."

He looked at her, groaned and muttered something.

"It makes us both unhappy," she said, piteously.

"You could not have been so hard, so unrelenting once, Pearl. You have changed—yes, you have changed!"

"My life has changed," she replied. "I cannot be what I once was."

He searched her face with the tender scrutiny of love.

"And yet you look miserable, Pearl. Your cheeks are pale, your looks wan and hopeless. You will die if I leave you here."

The tears dashed down his face. He drew his handkerchief quietly and wiped them away.

"Perhaps," she murmured; "but if so, I cannot help it."

Just then I heard a terrific sound, and dashed madly away. I never stopped to take breath, until I realized that it was not pursuing me. But when I did stop the saddle was empty.

I stood upon a little knoll, and, looking down, I could see Evan Neal down on one knee, holding my mistress to his breast, as she lay on the ground, her face dropped, white as ashes, over his arm. At the same moment the Colonel's buggy went flying past me down the hill.

Having seen so much, I went quietly to grazing.

Some people came and fetched me, by-and-by.

"'Twas some of the new-fangled mowing-machines that frightened the pony," they said as they led me towards Ashpark.

I was put up in my stall, where I remained quietly for weeks. For pretty Patricia could not ride. Her head had struck upon a stone when I threw her, and she was dangerously ill. Evan Neal was gone. Old Tom gave me my oats and exercise. I used to hear the servants talking.

"Why," said old Elspeth, "the groom was actually making love to my young lady—a-kissin' her and chafing her temples, and a-chafing her temples, and a-callin' her his darlin', and a-begging her to open her eyes, when the Colonel caught *him* by the arm. The Colonel had ordered his buggy, an' driv' after her, to see how she enjoyed herself. Well, he stopped on the hill, an' there she was waitin' under the trees, and a-talkin', and a-talkin' to the groom. Then a man came into the field opposite with one of them clickin' mowing-machines, and the pony jumped, an' run, an' throwed Miss Patricia. When the Colonel came up, she was lying over the groom's arm, her eyes shut as if she were dead. 'What does this mean? How dare you?' cried the Colonel; but the young man just shakes him off as if he were a fly, an' carries Miss Patricia to the brook, an' bathes her face with the water. The first face she saw when she opened her eyes was the Colonel's. 'Dear Uncle,' says she. With that, the young man lays her gently off his arm upon the bank, an' steps back with never a word. An' the Colonel, he helps her to rise, and then lifts her into the buggy, for she was that dizzy and sick-like she couldn't walk a step. He brought her home himself, an' that night he has the groom up in the library, an' before next morning the groom has gone from Ashpark."

"I was afraid of a regular knock-down fight, when I saw that young man go up," said Cyrille, the Colonel's old valet. "For the groom had a devil in his eye, if ever I saw one. But the Colonel wern't very outrageous, I guess, for some reason I can't understand. Heaven only knows you'd a thought he would be at one of the servants kissing Miss Patricia; but the young man told some kind of a story that kept him tolerable quiet. I can't guess what it was, but I could hear him a talking right straight ahead, as if he meant everything he said. By and by the door opened, he comes out, that young fellow, looking as bold as a lion, and goes straight out of the house and away from the place."

Well, I staid at Ashpark, and got almost as fat as the pampered old carriage horses, for Patrica wouldn't ride for months. As I have said before, the old place was so still you could hear the trees grow. I used to long to get out into the great, level, sunny fields about, but the Colonel's horses were always stall-fed. I am afraid that if a change hadn't come after awhile, that I should have had the gout.

After a great while, Miss Patrica was able to go driving, and then what does the Colonel do but get a basket carriage for her to drive about with me.

But it was strange to see her now; she looked five years older. All her girlish looks were gone. Her curls were braided close about her pretty head, and her eyes were generally as blue and cold as a winter's sea.

When she had regained health, one year went by—two—three. Patrica lived very regularly, and was as ever secluded. In all fine weather, she drove. We went often to the cottages of the poor and unfortunate. She was very good to the lowly and sick, and I heard the women call her "Little Saint." Yet you could have told that there was nothing near that she cared very much for. Her smile was slow and pale, like gleams of winter sunshine. She glided about like a spirit. And at last the poor cottage women shook their heads at each other and whispered that she was fading, fading.

You think I could not know? Ah, but I did. I used to turn my head and look at her as she sat in the carriage sometimes. When we stopped and she patted my neck and spoke to me before she left me, I rubbed my forehead against her shoulder, and that made her smile as nothing else did, except my whinny of welcome when the cottage door opened to let her out. Once, when the autumn day was very grey and chill, she put her slender arms around my neck and laid her pale face against my glossy nose

"Dear little Getty, you are all I have. Oh, Getty, live as long as I do, for I never shall see another spring!"

People didn't know what they were saying when they envied her and wanted to be in her place.

Old Elspeth told you about this time that the Colonel was going to take her young lady south that autumn, for the winter.

"An' its my belief that he'll leave her down there under the magnolia trees," she said, wiping a tear from her eye.

Tom was not allowed to smoke in the stables, and he never did when the Colonel was at home. But when he was absent Tom sometimes filled my manger with his pipe in his mouth.

One night, after the stable was closed, I saw a little red spot in the centre of the floor. It fixed my eyes, and soon the scent of smoke excited me, and made me paw the floor to be free. A yellow flame began to shoot up and dance, and the blue smoke curled up and filled the stable so that I could hardly breathe. The other horses, too, were pawing and stamping and snorting. Soon all was in a glare, and I can't remember much more just then, only that I got my eyes bandaged and was led out of the horrible, hot, crackling, hissing place into the cold night air; and I trembled so, and was still so nervous and excited that it took two men to take care of me.

For the alarm was all over the country. The old mansion of Ashpark stood on a hill, and I could see the light of the fire far and wide. From the first, the stables were a hopeless case. But they did try hard to save the horses, whom they caught, but the nearest engines were four miles away, and the wind high, and little could be done.

"It will be burnt to the ground," I heard the men say.

There were knots of people, men and women too, the neighbors for three miles about. And at last the engine company came; yet still the great walls went on burning, burning, and the stones and bricks came toppling to the ground.

Suddenly there was a man's shout. Though the fire company were shouting, his voice silenced them.

"My niece! My niece! Patrica is in the house! She is asleep in her chamber!"

It was the Colonel who had come from some distant place in a carriage. Everybody held their breath.

Then there was a frantic cry "Save her! Save her!"

Women shrieked; little children clung to each other and cried; men rushed to and fro with pale faces. But the leader of the fire company had his cap off before Colonel Gathe.

"My dear sir, it is impossible! No man could live in those flames. And the roof is going to fall."

The Colonel tore his hair.

"Oh, my God!" he shouted. "A thousand dollars—five thousand—ten thousand, any sum to the man who will rescue my neice from the flames!"

No one responded. The furious fire seemed hastening cruelly on to doom that tender, unconscious flesh. A young man had just arrived, who, with wild eyes, suddenly pushed his way through the crowd.

"Is any one in the building?" he cried.

"Miss Gathe—dear, sweet Miss Gathe, asleep in her chamber! And the Colonel offers any sum of money to the one who will save her!" shrieked a woman.

The half demented Colonel felt a grip upon his arm. A dark face, only half lighted by the lurid light, pressed close to his:—

"If I save your neice, will you give her to me as my wife?"

"Who are you?" gasped the Colonel.

"An honest man."

"Yes, yes. I swear it! Only save her!"

Evan Neal sprang away for the only uninjured wing of the building, disappeared in at a window; and the crowd began to count the minutes.

Mutterings of "It's no use," and "Likely she is dead by this time," surrounded me, and they all stood aside from the Colonel, who was walking back and forth, praying and crying and wringing his hands like one quite crazed.

"Why does he not come? Oh, why does he not come? There is no time to spare; the terrible fire will reach her! Oh, did I bring her here for this? Oh, my poor child! My poor, patient, docile girl! God forgive me! Oh, Father in Heaven, spare us! Will he never come! Oh, good people, will he never come?"

A cry arose:—

"He is coming!"

And then:—

"He has got her! He has got her! She is safe!"

Everybody went frantic immediately, wringing each other's hands, crying and laughing, and Evan Neal came rapidly down the ladder with Patrica Gathe clinging closely about his neck. Her little feet were bare, and she was wrapped in a blanket.

When they reached the ground, they all closed about her, and I didn't see her until they had got her wrapped up like a mummy and laid in the basket carriage, and took me around to be harnessed thereto. For the carriage house had been to the windward and had escaped.

There was a sharp debate as to where Miss Gathe should be taken, but Evan Neal took the lines.

"Stand aside, friends. I am going to take her home. Colonel Gathe, step in, sir; you can do nothing here, and had best avoid any more exposure."

And I was in such spirits, I went off with a leap, carrying those three.

I didn't need to be guided up to the old door-sill at Farmlands, and there was Grandma Neal ready in a moment, with hot blankets and cordials, and a warm bed for both Patricia and her uncle.

It is queer how folks change. The Colonel took amazingly to that old farmhouse. "It was very comfortable and picturesque," he said, and in a week he had been all over the farm with Evan, and laid out all the rest of his fortune in it. They all settled down there as cosy and nice, even to old Elspeth, who would never forgive herself for having administered a sleeping potion to her young mistress and then forgetting her in the extremity until too late.

But Patricia was saved—nor did she die in the spring, but, in the sunny May days, was actually running about the farm with her old bounding step, and by another spring tossed in her arms a rosy boy, who reached to pull my mane and get astride my neck.

So things are just as they should be at last. And as I grow old, I sometimes muse over my manger on the troubles of auld lang syne, which the others seem quite to have forgotten.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.

When poor Edward Kean was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefless and suspected junior barrister. And when George Stephenson died, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous lunatic the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the king's highway, and mail-coaches would be drawn by steam.

SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Mutton-chops again for dinner!" said the well-fed looking Mr. Finley. "Really, My dear, it's too bad, when you know that, if there's anything I detest, it is mutton-chops."

"I wasn't aware, James," answered the wife, a careworn woman, apologetically, "that you disliked mutton-chops so very much. I knew, indeed, that you preferred beefsteak, but then beef is not wholesome just now, unless one pays very dear for it."

"Well, well, never mind for to-day," replied Mr. Finley, crossly, helping himself to a chop. "But, don't, for mercy's sake, give me any more of this stuff—meat I will not call it. Steaks I must have. You can easily save it in something else."

"Save it in something else! But how," asked the wife of herself, "is this to be done?"

Her weekly allowance was already as small as it could well be, considering how many mouths she had to feed, and that she was compelled to disburse more or less of it continually for "sundries, that's nothing at all," as Mr. Finley said.

The next day, there was a juicy rump-steak for dinner, but no pudding.

"Why, how is this? No sweets to-day, when I like, as you know, my dear, some sort of sweets?"

"I thought I would save the extra money for the steak in that way," timidly answered the wife.

"Good gracious, no! I'd rather do without anything else," tartly replied the husband.

The tears came into the wife's eyes. But she knew that her husband hated what he called "a scene," and so she choked down her emotion. There were few words spoken during the meal, for Mr. Finley was out of temper, and his wife did not dare trust herself to talk, lest she should break down.

The third day, the meat course was again excellent; and its joint was done "to a turn." Mr. Finley was in capital humor, as he always was over good eating, until the pudding came in, which consisted of a plain rice one. At sight of this, the gloom gathered on his brow.

"Poor man's pudding, I declare! Really, Anne, one would think, from the fare you provided, that I was a bankrupt!"

"Indeed, James, I do try to please you," said the wife, bursting into tears, "but I can't afford to give you everything—provisions are so high; and I thought you'd rather have a cheap pudding than do without your nice joint."

"Pshaw! Don't cry," hastily replied Mr. Finley. "To be sure, I'd rather do without a good pudding than not have the other," he continued, more placably. "But there's really no necessity for it, my dear; for, in so large a household as ours, there are plenty of things off which the price of a good pudding might be saved."

No more was said on the subject that day. But, a few mornings after, Mr. Finley, on tasting his coffee, said, suddenly putting down his cup, "What's the matter with your coffee, my dear? Really, that grocer has cheated you. Why," tasting it again, "this stuff is chicory, and not coffee at all."

"It is not the grocer's fault," Mrs. Finley mustered courage to say. "I knew it was chicory when I bought it. Our expenses are so high, my dear, that we must save in something; and I thought it would be felt least, perhaps, in the coffee."

"The very last thing to save in," angrily said Mr. Finley, pushing away his cup. "I'd rather drink cold water than this stuff!"

And cold water he did drink, though his wife, almost ready to cry, offered to have some tea made.

Mrs. Finley is still endeavoring to "save in something else," for her husband will not deny himself in anything, and forgets to increase her allowance. Her last experiment was to forego a new winter bonnet. But her husband, on seeing her come down dressed for church, on a bright, frosty morning, with her last year's faded bonnet on, grew very angry, declaring that "there was no need to make herself look like a fright—he wasn't a broken tradesman." But, when one of the children told him why the old bonnet was worn, he made no offer to increase his wife's stipend; but only grumbled, sulkily, that "she might have saved it in something else."

When I see a well-fed, dogmatic husband, who has a careworn wife, I think of the steaks, the pudding, and the bonnet, and wonder if poor Mrs. Finley is the only woman who, to gratify a selfish husband, is made the victim of saving in *something else*.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

There is nothing, no nothing, innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant—a prattling child, dying in its cradle—will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes and drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host in Heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautifully would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!—*Dickens.*

The exuberance of youth may betray good girls into little indiscretions, but not into vulgarity, which is only one remove from vice.—*Jennie June.*

Nature preaches cheerfulness in the saddest moods. She covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink.—*Goethe.*

How much the scheme of life is marred by our not understanding our duty to one another, and being afraid that we shall not be paid for performing it.—*Jennie June.*

We cannot all be great, but we can all be gentle men and women, and the greatest cannot be more.

Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresisting sea. [*Holmes.*]

There are some deeds so grand
That their mighty doers stand
Ennobled, in a moment, more than kings.
[*Baker.*]

Be *noble!* and the nobleness that lies
In other men *sleeping*, but never *dead*,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.—*Humboldt.*

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

TAKE COUNSEL WITH YOURSELF.

Young men cannot estimate too highly the advice of parents and friends. It affords them the benefit of experience, and is given from sincere solicitude for their welfare. It should be remembered, and weighed and acted upon.

But, after all, every man has his own individual existence; he has his own life to live, for which he alone is accountable. He should derive all the benefit he can from the counsel of those older and wiser than himself. Then he should sit down and meditate by himself, and make up his own mind as to the course he wishes to pursue in the world. Having done this he should enter upon the execution of his plans with a determination to accomplish what he undertakes without reference to the opinions of others. No man is of any real account in the world unless he is something in and of himself.

No man possesses real strength if he cannot, after having heard all that others have to say, resolve, and resolve firmly, what to do, and carry his resolution into effect.

Take counsel of others; profit by their experience and wisdom; but above all, take counsel with yourself; make up your own mind what to do in this world, and—do it!

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

APPLE CUSTARD FOR PIE.—Six eggs, two cups of stewed apples, one cup each of butter and sugar, juice of one lemon.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—Many of the best European epicures make pies without a bottom crust, cooked in earthern pie dishes.

BIVOUAC.—Two pints of whipped cream, one ounce of gellatine, one pint of warm water; when lukewarm stir in the cream and flavor with vanilla.

FINE ICING.—1½ cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of warm water, boil to a thick syrup, then stir in the whites of two eggs, stir well all the time, add a teaspoonful of citric acid. After the icing gets solid stir in the vanilla.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.—To three pints of new milk add a half bar of prepared cocoa; mix in enough cold water to dissolve it with; when the milk has come to a boil, stir in the chocolate; let it thicken like custard; stir all the time.

TO KEEP PART OF A BOTTLE OF PORTER, ALE OR CIDER FRESH AND BRISK.—Put in the cork, and place the bottle upside down in a tumbler or other vessel of water. The porter or stout will open as fresh the next day, or any number of days after, as when first uncorked.

TO PREPARE AN EGG FOR AN INVALID.—Beat an egg until very light; add seasoning to the taste; then steam until thoroughly warmed through, but not hardened—this will take about two minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress even very sensitive stomachs.

TO KEEP LINEN FROM SPOTTING.—A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the first water in which grey and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water.

KEDJAREE.—The following makes an appetizing and economical breakfast dish. Take the remains of any cold fish, some plain boiled rice, two hard-boiled eggs, cut small, a piece of butter about the size of a small egg, pepper and salt to taste; mix together, place over the fire and let the whole get gradually hot, then serve.

TURNIPS A LA CREME.—Take small new turnips; peel and boil them in salted water; drain them thoroughly. Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, add to it a desert-spoonful of flour, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, and a small quantity of milk or cream; put in the turnips; simmer gently a few minutes and serve.

IMITATION OF IVORY.—Make isinglass and brandy into paste, with powdered egg-shells, very finely ground. You may give it what color you please; but cast it warm into your mould, which you previously oil over. Leave the figure in the mould till dry, and you will find, on taking it out, that it bears a very strong resemblance to ivory.

HONOR PODGE.—The following is an excellent way of warming cold mutton: Mince your mutton—it is better rather under-done—and cut up one or two lettuces and two or three onions into two slices. Put these into a stew-pan, with about two ounces of butter, pepper and salt to taste and half a cup of water; simmer for three-quarters of an hour, keeping it well stirred; boil some peas separately, mix them with the mutton, and serve very hot.

SAVORY RICE PUDDING.—Wash one ounce of the finest rice, put it in a pie dish with half a pint of beef tea or any kind of broth. Bake until the rice is well cooked; it will take about an hour, in a moderate oven. Boil a quarter of a pint of milk, pour it upon an egg rightly beaten, stir well together; then mix with the rice. Season with salt, and, if liked, a little pepper. Put the pudding into a pie-dish, bake very slowly for an hour and a half, and then serve.

SEIDLITZ POWDERS.—1. Tartrate of soda, one and a half scruples. Mix, and put it in a blue paper; tartaric acid thirty-five grains, to be put into white paper. For half a pint of water. 2. Tartrate of soda, twelve ounces; carbonate of soda, four ounces; tartaric acid, three and a half ounces; loaf sugar, one pound; all in powder. Dry each article separately by a gentle heat, and then add twenty drops of essence of lemon. Mix well, pass it through a sieve, and put it immediately into a bottle. A dessert spoonful to a tumbler of water.

RYE BREAD.—One cup of yeast, if home-made, four or five boiled potatoes mashed hot, and very smooth, three pints of rye flour, a heaped tablespoonful of sugar, and one quart of warm water. Beat all well together, and let it rise over night. In the morning add a pint bowl corn meal and sufficient rye flour to knead well. Let it rise once more very light, but be exceedingly careful that it does not sour in the least; then mould it into loaves, set the pans in a warm place and let it rise again. Then bake like wheat bread. In all receipts for rye flour a handful of corn meal or graham flour is considered an improvement.

SYRUPS.—1. Take of sugar ten pounds; water, three pints. Dissolve the sugar in the water with a gentle heat. 2. Take of pure sugar, ten pounds; boiling water, three pints. Dissolve the sugar in the water by the aid of gentle heat. 3. In making syrups, for which neither the weight of the sugar nor the mode of dissolving it is specified, the following rule is to be observed: Take of refined sugar, reduced to a fine powder, twenty-nine ounces; the liquor prescribed, and pint. Add the sugar by degrees, and digest with a moderate heat in a close vessel, until it is dissolved, frequently stirring it; set the solution aside for twenty-four hours, take off the scum, and pour off the syrup from the feces, if there be any. 4. Take of sugar two and a half pounds; water, a pint. Dissolve the sugar in the water with the aid of heat, remove any scum which may form, and strain the solution while hot. 5. Take of sugar six hundred parts; water, sufficient; whites of two eggs. Beat the albumen with 3,000 parts of water, and add two-thirds of the mixture to the sugar in a copper vessel, together with 1,000 parts of water; heat over a gentle fire until the sugar is dissolved, stirring from time to time, and taking care that it does not boil before the solution is complete; when it froths up, damp the fire, and add by degrees the solution of albumen in reserve, remove the scum from time to time, and evaporate until it has the sp. gr. of 1.250 while boiling.

[From the Davenport Democrat.]

Landor, the poet, says in one of his sweet little sonnets: "We are what suns, and winds, and waters make us;" but unfortunately suns will scorch, winds will roughen, and waters will not remove the injurious effects of the other two upon the lovely complexion of the fairer sex. For ages chemists have tried to distil from herbs and minerals an elixir of beauty, but they have failed, and it was left to modern times to find a cosmetic which should remove every speck and blemish, and leave a soft and pearly loveliness upon the roughest skin. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM does this, and while so perfectly harmless that spring water is not more so, it has a magic influence upon the complexion which cannot be over-estimated or believed until realized. To our lady readers we simply say, would you be as lovely as kindly Nature intended? Then use the ORIENTAL CREAM. Depot 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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ECONOMIZE AT HOME.

There is nothing which goes as far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs.

It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or the parlor, his substance runs away almost imperceptibly; and the demon "Waste" cries "more," until there is no more provender to give.

It is the husband's duty to contribute as liberally as his means will allow towards the support of his family, and it is the wife's part to see that what comes into the house does not go out wastefully. The duty of a wife is not alone to give to her husband the wealth of her love, but to look after and assist in the management of his affairs; to educate his children for a proper station in life; and to study how to make a judicious disposition of his property. A husband's interest should claim the wife's care; and the highest ambition of her life should never carry her beyond his happiness or the welfare of her children.

No more exalted aim than this should animate her soul, and no more proper theatre for her womanly exploits can exist than the bosom of her family, where she may contribute as much towards the accumulation of a fortune, as he in his counting-room or workshop. It is not the money earned, but what he saves, that makes a man wealthy.

Self-gratification in dress, over-indulgence of appetite, or associations beyond the length of one's purse, are equally pernicious and equally to be avoided. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second adds ill-health to vanity, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all in the category of evils.

THE FOLLY OF AFFECTATION.

Affectation is much more prevalent than people choose to own. Ladies, above all, seem to court its favor. One woman will affect not to know the value of an article of dress; another is of such exquisite taste as to think it elegant to take no interest in the affairs of her husband; regarding his success or failure with a *nonchalance* strangely at variance with the marital relation.

Sometimes we meet a lady, who deems it an accomplishment to affect ignorance. Should an explanation of anything curious or interesting be vouchsafed by another, she tosses her head in lofty disdain, as much as to say, "I don't know anything about it, and I don't want to know." It is neither reasonable nor desirable to seek prudery among the fair sex, but it certainly is both reasonable and desirable to find common sense among them; and the pride of ignorance, whether fashionable or not, must be regarded as a social blunder of the gravest import.

There is sometimes on the other hand an affectation of superior wisdom, which is equally objectionable. Nothing is more significant of a vulgar mind than an inclination to parade one's knowledge on every occasion, and to covet repute in society as a person of unusual attainments. If we are learned, the world will find it out without being continually reminded of the fact, and if we are not, the affectation is nothing less than a falsehood.

Young men and young ladies just out of college too frequently sandwich their conversation with scientific and foreign expressions, and with nonsensical quotations from obsolete books. Such things in moderation may be tolerated, but the absolute surrender of one's own language to terms and explanations that are neither appropriate nor intelligible, stamps the offending individual as one of superlative conceit.

Worse still is the affectation of social superiority. Nothing is more galling to the feelings of those to whom it is offered, and nothing more forcibly indicates the *real* inferiority of those by whom it is advanced.

To mortify a man, to remind him that he occupies an inferior station, that he stands below you in abilities, rank, or fortune, is an insult which time cannot heal, nor kindness soften. An inferior is indeed entitled to superior attention, that even the fear of being slighted may not be entertained, and above all that he may be sufficiently at ease to mingle freely in conversation. True politeness consists in promoting the happiness of those about you, and any other action is proof of an uncultivated nature.

While affectation in a woman is to the greatest degree objectionable, in a man it is eminently abominable. Animated fashion plates, individual automatons, whose lives are spent in studying the proper pose of figure and cut of dress, who rely upon their clothes and jewels, as the best means of impressing refined society, offer no claim to the title of *men*. Fops always consider themselves irresistible, and every genuine fop is so thoroughly a fool, that he cannot understand the ridicule of mankind when it is hurled at him.

There is no objection to good dress. Every man, who is able, owes it as a duty to the circle in which he moves, and to himself, to attire himself neatly and becomingly, and even handsomely, but to go far beyond this is a monstrous absurdity. Fashion, if followed strictly, will lead us into enough exaggerations, but no matter how far fashion sails in the stream of absurdities, the full-fledged fop is always a boat's length ahead of her.

"THANK YOU."

Simplicity is the soul of truth; and among the varied terms that fill the measure of our language, none are more replete with meaning, none more perfect in simplicity, none more touching in sincerity, than the simple phrase "I thank you." It is the fit dress of the heart's perfect feeling, the essence of the light that lives in the soul.

Gratitude does not belong alone to great things, but is born alike of magnanimous deeds and the smallest actions within the scope of human achievement. "Poor Carlotta, my poor Carlotta," are mournful words, yet, they are immortal, as exhibiting the emotion of the dying prince, Maximilian of Hapsburg, who, when earth and its glories were fading away, thought most of her, who had been true to him. The same spirit, modest though it be, pulses the heart of the real lady or gentleman, whenever a service, however trivial, has been received.

It is a duty just as incumbent to say "I thank you," for a seat proffered in a street car, as to express gratitude for the donation of a large sum of money; and, yet, how many fail to recognize the non-existence of a distinction.

One sees on the streets of our large cities daily ladies attired in gorgeous apparel, and manifesting every evidence of wealth and refinement, whose every movement is grace, and whose every expression is elegance, and who, nevertheless, do not seem to comprehend the universal character of gratitude; that the ragged gamin is as much entitled to a kind word and a soft smile for opening the door of her carriage, as the courtly gentleman for assisting her to alight.

If one cannot afford a more substantial recognition of a kindness, it is at least within his means to say, "I thank you."

We sometimes meet men whose deportment at home reveals every phase of accomplished politeness, the charm of whose presence is in itself a luxury. The same individuals, regarded in the dining-room of a hotel, would tend to impress a spectator with the thought that society was nursing in its bosom a race of haughty churls and bungling boors.

A BRIDE is expected to lose her self-possession.

TIGHT BOOTS are very properly named cornucopias.

OFF-HAND speaking is successfully taught in institutions for the deaf and dumb.

TERRIBLE GALE.—The recent wind blew down the whole of Chestnut street in this city! It also blew up Walnut street.

THE Centennial is thronged, and there is a great deal of bustle, especially in the woman's pavilion.

ALTHOUGH Hell Gate is to be blown up in a week, not a single paper collar has yet been named after it.

ALL RHODE ISLAND is coming to the Centennial; a Pullman car has been engaged for the occasion.

DETECTIVES are very shrewd in arresting the attention of thieves when there is enough to divide handsomely.

Now is the time to provide against the approaching inclement season. Prudent housewives are already laying in their winter jewelry.

A TOOTHLESS old gallant who offered a kiss to a blooming young maiden, was properly set back when she exclaimed: "I don't want any of your old gum drops!"

WHEN a stranger steps on the train of a red-headed woman, she doesn't make any noise just *then*, but after she gets home her husband will think an earthquake is slipping up on him.

A DAY or two ago a gentleman from the rural districts waltzed into a fashionable *cafe* and asked for "sump'm stim'latin'." It was given to him and after he had disposed of the liquid, the attendant handed him, as is the custom, a fried oyster on a fork. "Whazzer zat?"

"Fried oyster, sir."

"Whazzer want—hic—wi' em?"

"It's for you to eat."

"No zur—no zur-ee—hic—bob. 'Fi hain't got stummuck strong 'nough—hic—t'old one lizzle drink—hic—'thout packin' fri' oysther onto 'em; by—hic—thunner I'll go ri'—hic—home, and swear I hain' seen no Cen—hic—tenyul."

WEARY.

BY JAMES ELBERT POWELL.

O, memory, waken thy passion, and bring to me
Fragments of song from my childhood to-night—
Yes, touch in my heart thy harpstrings, and sing to me,
Breathe all thy music to compass, and cling to me
E'en in the tide of the dark or the light,
For I'm weary to-night.

O, Love, come and open a life, new and clear, to me,
Folded about with the bloom of delight—
Kindle the warmth of a heart that is dear to me,
Fashion its feverish pleading more near to me—
Stay but the measure of years in their flight,
For I'm weary to-night.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Living as we do, so far removed from the great Empire of Russia, and having so little commercial intercourse with it, we do not seem to have fully realized the variety and value of her resources, until revealed through the medium of her fine exhibit, at our great Centennial Fair.

In Main Building there is not another nation that surpasses

RUSSIA

in the display of useful and artistic specimens of her progress in manufactures and the fine arts.

Among the larger and more weighty articles are some fine specimens of carved furniture, such as tables, chairs, pianos, etc. Two of these latter are shown, medium sized grand pianos, and a sounding board and bridge of another. These instruments compare very favorably with those from other countries, although not so handsomely finished in the case as are most of the pianos on exhibition. We did not hear the tone of any, but it is quite fair to presume that a country who could produce a Rubenstein, would certainly be able to furnish him with an instrument of superior quality whereon to display his marvellous talent.

Among the furniture, the most noticeable articles are chairs and sofas upholstered in dark green velvet, and framed of deer horns. They are exceedingly unique and of graceful forms. The horns are simply polished the shaded brown and white coloring, showing in fine relief against the deep green velvet.

A very handsome chair of dark wood, finely carved, is upholstered in dark red Russia leather, and is royally fragrant, as well as very comfortable—only $250 for it. Near by stand chairs of black wood, carved in curious figures, and with cabalistic looking sentences in Russian, traced upon the seats and backs.

But most artistic of all is a cabinet "formed after the antique," as our foreign neighbors phrase it; the wood of which it is composed is very dark, and the designs upon it are raised—fine arabesques and bas-reliefs, quite cover its surface; while the numerous drawers and doors are so harmoniously arranged as to give great symmetry to the appearance as well as convenience as an article of furniture.

But it is in her

DISPLAY OF SILVER-WARE

that Russia does herself most credit. In ware for household use there is a great variety, both in form and ornamentation. A very pretty teapot, to be heated by an oil lamp, is shown, the embellishment on the surface being in a Roman design, and the handle protected from growing too hot by having sections of iron introduced.

In the *repousse* work, there are some curiously beautiful specimens shown—we have before given a detailed account of how this work is done, so do not need to repeat it. It is said to be one of the oldest forms of ornamental work in metals, pieces of *repousse* work having been found as long ago as 1500 years before the birth of Christ, at Thebes.

Benevenuto Cellini revived the art. In Windsor Castle, England, a fine shield is shown, made by this artist for Francis I. and presented by him to Henry VIII.

Vechte, a Frenchman, born in this century, achieved great celebrity by his revival of it in modern days, and the Milton shield, on exhibition in the British Section is one of his works.

In these days, since his decease, which occurred as late as 1868, Morel Ladeuil, another Frenchman, takes the lead. He finds a worthy rival in Dasikof of Moscow, who is the artist who wrought the large specimen in dull silver in the Russian department, the

"ADORATION OF THE MAGI."

The figures are wonderfully expressed, standing out in a relief of about two and a half inches from the surface. The expression of the faces, especially those of the Babe Jesus, and Mary His Mother, are remarkably fine. It is in this particular and in the fine outlines of limb and drapery, that *repousse* work excels moulding and ordinary tracing. To give an idea of the value of the work, and the artistic skill needed to accomplish it, we need only mention that this piece is valued at $7000.

Several fine tankards, with elaborate historical designs wrought upon their surfaces are shown. A small relievo representation is shown, depicting a beautiful woman sitting upon a bed, with her long hair streaming about her shoulders, her face buried in her hands in an agony of grief or remorse, while an angel stands over and comforts her. The rays of light streaming down the pathway left by the shining one, is so exquisitely rendered as to be as effective as a painting, in conveying the expression intended.

A small salver has a representation of a plain, arid and desolate, rendered wilder and more forlorn by the presence of snow; a small group in a sled drawn by three steeds, the one in the centre having an arch above his head, hung with bells, and his body bravely decked with fanciful harness, does very little pulling of the load, but prances and disports himself gaily; while his two humbler brethren bow their heads and trudge dutifully along bearing the burden, and yet doing it as cheerfully as only a good, obedient horse knows how to do. This method of driving is called the Troika.

Another kind of silver work known as Tula work, is shown. The article is first etched, and the part so wrought filled in with a black paint. A beautiful vase in this work is shown, the design being very intricate, and of a Pompeiian pattern. Silver gilt and enamelled articles abound. The most effective designs are those representing dishes, and receivers of the gilt, having napkins in silver thrown carelessly upon them. The damask patterns, the fringe and folds of the napkins are most wonderfully rendered. A large punch bowl has an embroidered cloth covering it—the colors in the border, being done in enamel of the different tints, while every thread and wheel of the lace edge is faithfully rendered.

Quite a number of

STATUETTES IN OXYDIZED SILVER

are shown, the pose of the figures being remarkably spirited, and the work carefully finished.

Sportsmen will be interested in the fine exhibit of

GUNS AND PISTOLS.

A case containing a fine double-barrel gun is shown, the piece being silver mounted and damascened in silver; the stock being inlaid; the barrels are twisted. The powder-flask is of silver with a fine hunting scene thereon portrayed, while all the appliances for keeping this fine gun in order are to be found in great perfection, within the handsomely finished case.

DAMASCUS SWORD BLADES

with select scabbards and jewelled hilts are shown.

We find a very interesting collection of chess men, in iron, a little further on. These are certainly the finest specimens of iron work we have ever seen. The kings and queens, the bishops and knights, the serfs for pawns, the carefully built castles are wrought with a skill and attention to minute detail that one cannot but admire.

It is noticeable concerning all the Russian exhibits, no matter of what class, or of what material, that each wears the appearance of durability, careful finish, and a look of being made of the best material. It is characteristic, doubtless, of the people.

Some fine chandeliers and candelabra next attract our admiring regard. One of dull silver, apparently, although probably composed of mixed metals, is very artistic in design. There is a circle of open-work silver, supported by chains, and many receptacles for candles. A heavy chain hangs from the centre and supports the whole.

Candelabra in bronze are also shown. One of the above is of great size, being fourteen and three-quarters feet in height. Its pedestals is of wood richly carved, and having three sides, inlaid with gilt. The upper part is of bronze gilt, and the stem, or centre piece, surrounded by a large jar, or vase, of Chinese porcelain of the variety known as cracquel. In the branches are receptacles for more than an hundred candles.

Apropos of candelabra, there is also an unusually fine display made of wax candles. These are in all sizes, and are to be seen in Agricultural Hall. The Greek church being the national religion, the demand for candles of large size, and indeed for rich church vestments, and elaborately wrought series of gold and silver, are as much needed in carrying out its gorgeous ritual as in the Roman Catholic church. Many of the altar cloths and chalice covers are of pure silver cloth, embroidered in gold and precious stones. The principal ones used of the latter being turquoise and rubies, intermingled with pearls.

Two fine miniature paintings of the head of our Saviour and a favorite saint in the Greek church,

SAINT ALEXANDER NEWSKY,

are shown. They are both exquisitely done, the expression of each face being almost divinely sweet; the mournful tenderness and pity of the eyes of the Saviour, melting the heart as you gaze upon the picture. Only the heads are painted. That of the Saviour is surrounded by a setting in the form of the upper portion of an arch of turquoises sat in dead gold.

That of the saint is very elaborate. The body is worked in gold spangles representing armor.

About the head is a halo wrought in gold and jewels while in the corners of the frame are set small minatures of no less than twenty-four saints, each one bearing the name of a Russian Sovereign from Peter the Great to Alexander the XI.

This elaborate piece of work is valued at over three thousand dollars.

The display of

MALACHITE, POPHYRY, LAPIS LAZULI

and crystal is very full, and also fine.

In Malachite are enormous lumps of the marble shown just as it was quarried. The mining is exquisite and the polish so rich, that in itself alone it is a picture.

A beautiful mantelpiece is shown which has a mosaic ornament of different colored stones upon the front, which, to our way of thinking, mars the perfection of its own coloring. There are clusters of fruit upon the sides of the supports, and in the centre, which would have been sufficient ornament. These clusters represent currants white and red in the natural colors; gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc., in amethysts, cornelians, crystals and agates.

Nothing more beautifully true to nature than the currants and red raspberries, can be imagined. The bloom upon the latter is so perfect that one can scarcely realize that one is looking upon stone and not the actual fruit. In

LAPIS LAZULI

there are quite a number of articles, the costliest of which is a table, eighteen and a half inches across, which is valued at seven hundred and fifty dollars. The slab is composed of several different sections so neatly joined as to be imperceptible except upon a close inspection. The color is a dark blue, with mottled spots of shaded blue into which sometimes a vein of brown strays.

Paper weights and vases of this stone are also shown, as indeed are similar articles of porphyry and malachite. The porphyry is a dull red with spots of greenish white and pale slate intermingling.

The most valuable among the smaller articles are two little card-holders of rhodomite, a Siberian stone of exceeding hardness, which has to be cut by diamond-dust or filings. These small articles may, indeed, be termed *articles de luxe*, since they are valued at the sum of two thousand dollars apiece.

An album with sides of malachite is shown, in the panels of which are set paintings of Russian scenes.

Strings of the

GLITTERING URAL CRYSTALS

are shown; as are also similar strands of amethysts, cut into graduated beads. These last are for the most part of pale tints, although some very richly-colored specimens are to be seen.

Upon a golden sled, bound by golden ropes, and dragged by a hasty serf, also of the same precious metal, is fastened a square lump of crystal, cut to represent a huge block of ice. It is very artistically gotten up. Jewelry of malachite, and the other stones abounds.

Some card receivers of jasper are very beautiful in form and workmanship.

Necklaces and bracelets with breast-pins and ear-rings to match are shown in yellow gold. The designs simple, finely-finished and though somewhat massive, yet of a chaste form. Upon many are different shades of gold, produced by the alloys used for such purposes.

The most elaborate piece among the jewelry is a cluster of wheat and wild roses. The latter are formed together with their leaves of rubies; while the finely-spun threads of golden wheat are dotted with diamond dew-drops. Nearly a dozen very large and pear-shaped pearls are interspersed among the ruby roses.

THE BRONZES

are very varied in size and design, some large figures are shown, but for the most part groups of miniature size, wonderfully executed and elaborately detailed are chosen to exemplify the high degree of perfection to which Russia has attained in this branch; such groups as represent the soldiery or peasants, are especially attractive, being invariably spirited and fine in detail.

Nor is there any lack in ceramics, porcelain, etc. Some of the groups in terra cotta are unsurpassed. One of two hunters attacked by wolves is equal in expression to bronze. One of the hunters has risen in his stirrups, apparently to avoid the snapping, eager jaws that surround him. He seems to be shouting from fear or for aid. The other is in the act to fire into the swarm that entangle their gaunt bodies among the flying feet of his terrified steed.

Come we now to the

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

Here there is an uncommonly fine display. There are pictures from the Pedigogic Museum, depicting the festivals of the Russian Church, with elaborate charts and maps of Palestine.

There are many ingenious contrivances approximating to the Kindergarten system for simplifying the study of mathematics. These, we think, will be found especially valuable in preparatory schools for boys. There are practical lessons in anatomy for the student, in the shape of models of limbs, muscles, etc., of the "human form divine," colored from life.

Some of the smaller animals are stuffed and mounted; while truly wonderful models in miniature are shown of the large animals.

There are also models in *papier mache* of all the known races of man, and a fine opportunity for confirming or disproving the celebrated Darwinian theory is here offered.

BOOKS AND MAPS FOR THE BLIND,

of an excellent kind are shown, but except for the sake of comparison, we can gain nothing new on this subject since the system adopted in our own country, for the lightening of those sad, darkened lives, cannot be surpassed, and we think not easily improved upon, in this generation, at least.

As is reasonable to expect from a country which furnishes the most costly and beautiful furs to the rest of the world, the exhibit of this speciality is very full and complete.

To commence with the largest articles, there are several carpets and rugs shown.

The bitter cold of this country renders the use of such aids to caloric, absolutely necessary, and bountiful nature, even in in these frigid regions, seems always to make ample provision for the needs of her children, and in this instance provides skins in great variety, and with fur of a luxurious thickness.

ONE CARPET OR RUG

is composed of over two thousand pieces of fur, being scraps from a manufactory of finer articles.

It is said that the Russians have attained to a great degree of perfection in dressing skins of different animals.

The preparations used for such purposes are of such a nature that the moth will not readily make her destructive abode among the soft pile of squirrel, fox, and other varieties of furs.

The genuine Siberian squirrels skins are shown, and are very different from the imitations which crowd our shops and are sold for the genuine article. The seal is of a most exquisite shade of slate gray, with a shading (the faintest shading possible) of brown. The texture is silky, and the surface glossy.

A magnificent robe of genuine Russian sable fox is shown, valued at $2,000. It is much lighter in color than our Hudson Bay sable, and might with much more appropriateness be termed "brown" fox. A cloak lined with blue fox fur, is a tempting sight when one's fancy goes ahead to January days and biting northeast winds, but, alas, when the price for this luxurious wrap becomes known, one feels the need of a strict observance of the tenth commandment, in order to ensure a placid mind.

Seal skin wraps, gloves, etc., are tastefully gotten up, and displayed to great advantage.

The "wee folks," are delighted with a group of young bears stuffed and playing apparently at a game of ball. The expressions of these diminutive bruins is as cute as that of any other babies.

IN AGRICULTURAL HALL,

Russia has a fine and varied exhibit. There are cereals of the different kinds in bags with glass inserted in the open mouths to keep them in place. Wheat, barley, rye—a blue kind of this last mentioned grain—oats, lucerne and lentils are shown. Other seeds are to be seen, of grass, and two varieties of canary seed.

There is not a large display of woods, although the forests of Russia are celebrated for size, and the fine varieties of trees, curious ores, and trunks made of the bark of the basswood tree, fastened by strips of the inner or smooth bark. Mats of this last are to be seen also.

There are glass jars of nuts of several varieties, dried fruits, etc., and preparations of chicory, acorns and barley, to be used as substitutes for coffee. From all such may kind fate defend us, however.

There is an odd collection of dolls, dressed in skins, and representing the different classes from the provinces. In the same case may be seen utensils for household use, queer cups and bowls of wooden and earthenware.

Actually, one sees tobacco in leaf, cigars, cigarettes and fine-cut! Is there a spot upon the globe so frozen, so remote from civilization where the "weed that soothes the weary brain of man" cannot be found? After going over the Centennial Exhibition we think it safe to say "there is not." The specimens of this plant, so beloved by the "lords of creation," are coarse yet not lacking in merit.

There is a fair exhibit of honey, wax and wax-fruits, these last showing the varieties cultivated in the great empire. Apples abound, being, as we all know, the hardiest of the fruits.

Sacks of wool, and fleeces, or rather portions of fleeces, are shown. And in the proper place we should have mentioned that an interesting model of an improved bee hive is to seen. It has a moveable interior frame, and is not unlike some hives used in the States.

OF WINES AND MALT LIQUORS

there is a fair display. The wines are made principally in the Crimea, and are Lafitte, Sweet Muscatel, Maderia, Sauterne, and several other kinds. St. Petersburg, Moscow and Riga send more ardent liquors, such as brandy, rum and a sort of mead.

There are several large pieces of machinery for farming purposes in this building, and of a creditable make. Other heavy pieces of machinery are to seen in Machinery Hall, as are also the lighter kinds for household use. Nothing very striking or original presents itself in any of these, consequently to describe them would be but to repeat; since we have on several occasions given detailed accounts of the like exhibits from other countries.

There are several articles in the Main Building which we failed to enumerate in regular order which are of such a marked excellence that we feel obliged to return and take them up. Among these are the beautiful

SILKS AND GRENADINES

shown. The black silks, both in plain and brocaded goods, are particularly handsome, having a lustre and richness of texture unsurpassed by those sent from any other country. The solidity of Russian taste and manufacture are here embodied as in other articles displayed. These silks remind one of the traditional robes of our great-grandmamas which history is wont to affirm, "could stand alone."

Some handsome and very unique suits are shown, exemplifying national costumes. One for a child, made of velvet embroideries in gold and trimmed with bands of feathers, is very picturesque. It consists of cap (this has the feather trimming,) and jacket, vest and trowsers of silk. Amber jewelry, etc., is shown also.

There are portraits of different members of the royal family placed in the Main Building. The faces are pleasing, the men being fine-looking rather than markedly handsome; the women being frank of look and fresh of complexion.

Our very delightful recollection of the handsome face and splendid figure of the amiable Alexis, perhaps raised the ideal standard or manly beauty in Russia to too great a point of expectancy making it a disappointment to find "the rest of the family" not so good-looking.

IN MEMORIAL HALL,

whither our willing footsteps are but too ready always to tend, there is a creditable, though not markedly striking, collection of paintings. Two "Studies of a Horse" are pronounced by critics to be fine. For our part, we can only give our own individual impressions concerning these things, not daring to assume the lofty *role* of critic or connoisseur.

The sea pieces, by John Theodosia Airazowsky, "A Storm on the Black Sea, near the Crimean Coast," "A Storm on the North Sea," "The Rising Moon," "Black Sea," "After the Storm," are particularly attractive for beauty and fidelity of rendition. Its waves seem actually to break before your eyes and dissolve into yeasty foam.

"The Roman Thermal" is fine in point of warmth of coloring and fine outlines of the figures grouped about. "Blessing the Bride," quite a large picture, embodies a Russian custom, and is in consequence interesting. "The First Snow on a Ploughed Field," by Julius Clever, is possessed of so much artistic merit, as to render the name of the artist an appropriate one.

"Portrait of the Emperor," is finely executed, while the "Orphan Girl" appeals to one's sincerest sympathies.

Among the statuary is a bust of Washington, very good. "The Mother's First Joy," which tells its own story quite prettily. A beautiful relief of the Madonna and child Jesus, and a charming head, called "Sophia," the heroine of a fine Russian poem.

Some excellent wood carvings are shown. Images, and a beautiful head of a child. This last is really lovely. A carving in ivory is also shown, which is pretty well done; also two water-color pictures. One of these, "The Dear Friend," is so good it makes us regret that this branch of art is so meagerly represented.

Our miscellaneous notice is unavoidably crowded out this week, for to do any justice at all to so full a display as that of Russia, compels us to use all available space allowed us.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

The history of John Bunyan, author of that wonderful book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," is the history of a most excitable mind in an age of excitement. By most of his biographers he has been treated with gross injustice. They have represented him as an abandoned wretch, reclaimed by means almost miraculous; or, to use their favorite metaphor, "as a brand plucked from the burning." Mr. Ivimey called him "the depraved Bunyan" and "the wicked tinker of Elston." But it is quite clear that Bunyan never was a vicious man. He married very early, and he solemnly declared that he was strictly faithful to his wife. He does not appear to have been a drunkard. He owns, indeed, that, when a boy, he never spoke without an oath. But a single admonition cured him of this bad habit for life, and the cure must have been wrought early. It is quite clear that, from a very early age, Bunyan was a man of a strict life and of a tender conscience.

Those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language in the greatest of his works, prove not that he was a worse man than his neighbors, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considerations—that his fervor exceeded his knowledge, and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain workingmen, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature, except the "Pilgrim's Progress," on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language—no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

FORCE OF HABITS.

It was a quaint and singularly wise remark, by a modern essayist, that no one's example is so dangerous to us as our own. For when we have done a certain thing once, it is so much easier to do it again. It is the first step which counts in evil, as well as in good. The tendency of human nature to form habits, to run in grooves, is one of its most marked characteristics. Fortunately for us, it has its good side, as well as its bad side. If we can only too easily form a habit of petulance, of ill-temper, we can also, by trying, form a habit of self-control; and each fresh victory over ourselves is easier than the first. A habit of application is, it would be safe to say, of as much importance to almost any great man as is his genius. Not that any amount of application can make a dull man brilliant; but that without steady application a brilliant man might almost as well be dull as far as anything that he is likely to accomplish is concerned. "Perseverence is genius," several great men have said, in slightly varying phrase; but this is not true. Perseverence is only the right hand of genius. Something is breathed into a man at his first birth—a divine fire, a gift of the gods—which makes great things possible to him, while to his brother in the next cradle they would be impossible, forever. But, having received this divine fire, he must give it fuel. It is the sign that he must work more, and not less, than his fellows; and so there is no one thing so remarkable in the history of almost all our great men as their habits of prodigious application.

NEWS NOTES.

VON MOLTKE is seventy-seven.

CHINA is to have an illustrated newspaper.

GEORGE SMITH, the noted Assyrian explorer, is dead.

THE yellow fever continues to rage alarmingly in Savannah, Ga.

LAST year the sum of £343,257 was raised in London by the dog tax.

DOM PEDRO recently attended a Congress of Orientalists in St. Petersburg.

THE Mikado of Japan will visit Europe and the French Exhibition in 1878.

J. MEREDITH READ, United States Charge d'Affairs at Athens, is in Paris.

Boston's oldest inhabitant is ninety-five. He could tell something about great storms.

THERE are now 3,000 children in Japan receiving instruction in the English language.

ST. LOUIS' French inhabitants are considering the erection of a monument to Lafayette.

MR. GEORGE W. WURTZ, Secretary of the United States Legation at Rome, is in New York.

A MAN in San Joaquin county, California, has cleared $6000 this year from eight acres of blackberries.

THE sentence of Jesse Pomeroy, the Boston boy murderer, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

A PAMPHLET by Mr. Gladstone, entitled "Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East," has been issued.

THURLOW WEED receives a pension of $96 a year, which he gives to Capt. Lehrbush, the Centenarian veteran.

THE Prince Imperial, of the Napoleon dynasty, will spend November in St. Petersburg by invitation of the Czar.

PROF. HITCHCOCK has confirmed his discovery of transported boulders upon the summit of Mount Washington.

REV. GEORGE B. BACON, son of Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, died of consumption at Orange, N. J., on the 15th inst.

ELISHA MUNNELL, a colored man in British Columbia, is on the list of persons to be knighted by Queen Victoria.

MACON, Georgia, had an earthquake shock the other day, which lasted a few seconds and was felt by a large number of persons.

THE entire coffee crop of the world last year was 900,000,000 pounds, of which the United States imported over 300,000,000 pounds.

A LARGE meeting was held in Rochedale, England, on the night of the 4th inst., to protest against the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria.

A VIRGINIAN, now in Egypt, writes to a friend in Richmond that the Khedive intends to dispense with the services of all his American officers.

THE Prince of Montenegro is thirty-five years of age, six feet, four inches in height, and is acknowledged to be the strongest and most muscular man in his domisions.

A LAWRENCE (Mass.) gentleman has in his possession the first silver-plated service ever seen in this country. It was presented to John Hancock by the Colonial Legislature, in 1794.

MR. GLADSTONE is devoting himself to literature and social reforms. He now hopes that the time will come when there will be no such thing in England as a cottage without a garden.

PROF. Charles Davies, L. L. D., widely known as the author of a popular series of mathematical text books, died on the 17th, at Fishkill Landing, on the Hudson, at the age of 78 years.

THE National Liverpool Lifeboat Associators gave several interesting reminiscences of former days in the market. Mr. Curtis then said that the visitors were intending to sit for a photograph.

BISMARCK'S health is better, but he has been obliged to renounce all work and avoid all excitement. He receives neither letters nor telegrams—all pass into the hands of his family and official assistants.

MR. J. H. SIDDONS, the well known English elocutionist and author, has gone to the University of Virginia, having been appointed to an honorable position among the corps of instructors of that institution.

THE winner of the Prix de Rome this year is M. Wencker, a pupil of the painter Gerome; another of M. Gerome's pupils has also carried off the first prize in sculpture, a double triumph said to be unprecedented.

BEEF and mutton cost about three cents a pound in Servia, a turkey fetches a shilling, and a pair of fowls may be had for six cents, and a draught ox only costs from $10 to $12. Native tobacco and wine are similarly cheap but bad.

VIENNA journals announce that the famous Gainsborough painting of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was stolen from a London gallery, has been found in the possession of a man just convicted of fraud in Vienna. The reward of £1000 sterling offered for the recovery or the picture is claimed by Viennese detectives.

DANIEL WEBSTER made his first speech before a jury—a speech which was really an argument against capital punishment—in the court house of Grafton county, N. H. Like nearly all old buildings in this country which have any historical value, it is condemned to be torn down; efforts, however, are making to preserve it.

THE Executive Committee appointed at the Saratoga meeting in July last, have made arrangements for holding a Mass Convention of officers and representatives of the banks of the United States, at Philadelphia, October 3d, 4th and 5th, 1876, for the purpose of discussing matters of importance to the banking interests of the country, and to complete the organization of the "American Bankers' Association."

THE Princess of Salm-Salm is about to marry an English gentleman at Stuttgart named Heneage. The Princess was originally Miss Agnes Leclercq, of Baltimore, who, in 1862 married Prince Felix Salm-Salm, then a brigadier in the Union army, and afterward an aide-de-camp of the unfortunate Maximilian, of Mexico. Prince Felix, restored through her efforts to his position in the Prussian army, fell gallantly fighting at Gravelotte.

TRANSCRIPTS from a military account book used during the Revolutionary war have been published at Nashville, Tenn. Among the entries are the following: 1 beaver hat, $17; 1 pair silk stockings, $50; 1 scarlet coat, $50; 1 white jacket, $29; 1 pair of white breeches, $16; 1 white shirt, $13; 1 check shirt, $9; 1 nightcap, $1; 1 box wafers, $2; 1 pair gaiters, $25; 1 powder-horn, $30; 1 jacket and breeches, $270; 1 wagon and team, $16,000.

O, PRETTY WORLD!

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

O, pretty world, I came to thee
On that bright day my Love loved me!
I knew thee then that thou wert fair!
Thou gavest me flowers for my Love's hair,
Gavest her blue and dove-like eyes,
Which saw me in thy clear blue skies,
To know I loved, e'en satisfied
That I would love her till she died!
Gavest all that made our young lives being
To know we were each other loving;
We lived through thee, and felt it all,
Because thou wert so beautiful!

O, pretty world, I come to thee,
Now in my sorrow and misery!
My Love lies sleeping—sleeping well,
Where all is darkness, deep and still.
Thou once gavest me thy precious things—
Once painted youth's great rainbow wings;
Why give not of thy vast wealth now
I'm living in thee—with thee grow?
Cannot thou change me to thy trees—
Live once more within thy skies?
Why art thou dark, when fair and bright?
Because my Love took all thy light!

THE SALT PETRE CAVE—A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY WILLIAM E. FAHY.

CHAPTER I.

"Twelve thousand dollars you say, sir! a large amount to loose, truly, and this Miki—the suspected thief—where is he now?"

"At Louis Postons hard at work—but Mr. Ferrett, *he* is not the man."

"You say you will give $5,000 for the recovery of the money and the detection of the thief?"

"I will, and besides will defray all outside expenses necessary to the unravelling of the mystery. As you are aware, I am the wealthiest stock drover in Illinois, and the loss of the money is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the uneasy suspicions under which I labor, for Doctor Kirby has been my esteemed friend for years."

"Well, well, I will do my utmost Mr. Blackburn, and as I seldom fail, I think I can give you some assurance that this vile robbery and its *modus operandi* will be unraveled before many weeks elapse. Good morning!"

"Good morning!" And the green baize door swung on its little brazen hinges, and a tall, bluff, good-humored looking man clad in the costume of a Western stock drover emerged from Mr. Ferrett's sanctum, and passing me by with a friendly nod, made his exit through the opposite door leading to the street.

A short account of the life, birth and parentage of the author of this veracious history may be necessary, ere he proceeds further in the development of a strange story.

I am an Irishman. My father was a wealthy land proprietor in the County Down, but "dogs-dice and divilmint" in his younger days made such havoc with his fine estate that when I was ushered into this weary world it was only to a heritage of five acres of bog land and a dilapidated chateau, —for my poor father was so overjoyed when he heard that an heir was born to the House of Bartmoon, that he immediately took a jaunt to the county town and there indulged in such quantities of "Dewey Poteen" that he lost his head, and while returning home forgot the path through the "shaking bog," and loosing himself in its treacherous grasses was never more seen again by mortal eye. When I arrived at proper age, a bachelor uncle who had some influence with the "Dons" of Frivity College had me received there as a charity student; and making good use of the time I staid there, (some four years) I emerged at last a B. A., but without a "thrauneen" wherewith to bless myself. My poor dear mother, weighted down with a life of poverty and care, had joined my unfortunate father in "that land where sorrow is not," and the Sheriff of the County Down, with a brisk rap of the hammer, "knocked down" the chateau and the five acres of bog land for £300, £250 of which went to satisfy the claims of my father's creditors, and the other fifty was handed to myself, the last representative of the "House of Bartmoon."

It is not necessary for me to state *why* I came to this glorious land of the free and brave—the refuge for every poor stricken son of misfortune the world over; let it suffice to say that I was here in Mr. Ferrett's office, in the great city of St. Louis, seeking a situation as a detective. As the reader is aware, I overheard the conversation between the chief and the drover, and the overhearing of it resulted finally in great advantage to me.

"No, sir! No, sir!" replied the great detective chief, as I entered his sanctum after the departure of the drover, and stated my wish to be employed on his staff. "No sir!—plenty of material on hand—half of my men are now idly sauntering about the city with nothing whatever to do—(Ferrett's was a *private* detective bureau and was supported altogether by private capital) eh! but stop a moment," the chief continued, as with a mournful countenance I was leaving the room, "Stop—your name is Bartmoon, and you are lately from Dublin—let me see—Kirby is from Dublin, and I heard him mention the name of Bartmoon in Burke's tavern in Waterloo"—the latter part of the sentence the chief spoke in a low tone and to himself—he then added, "Mr. Bartmoon, it is very evident that you are a gentleman by birth and education, now this does not by any means disqualify you from being employed as a detective; on the contrary, it rather enhances your value. I have reconsidered my refusal and will give you a chance."

I bowed.

Mr. Ferrett motioned me to a seat, and then entered into a confidential chat, the conclusion of which, is all that is necessary to repeat at present; 'twas this: "If you are successful, Mr. Bartmoon, you shall receive the sum of $500 and be received upon my staff at a most excellent salary—Good morning!"

I had entered Mr. Ferrett's office with a heavy heart, and an empty purse. I left it full of sanguine hope and a fifty dollar bill in my pocket.

The next phase of my story shifts to "Burk's Hotel," Waterloo, Illinois. I was seated in the bar-room, and as it was Court week, the room was full, and the "liquid fire" was being deftly handed across the counter by the sharp, chatty bar-keeper at a rapid speed.

"Come Doc, it's your turn now, you havn't treated for an hour," shouted one of the bacchanals.

"Be me sowl," replied the man addressed as "Doc"—a keen, black-eyed, wiry, middle-sized man, dressed with scrupulous care, and carrying in his hand a heavy gold-mounted cane, "be me sowl," ye must think it's all the guold of California I have at my command; twenty dollars won't clear my bill at this bar to-day thratin yiz, and yet yer not satisfied. Well, well, boys, divil a haporth I care, yer all good fellows and frinds of myself, Doctor Anthony L. Kirby, so wet your whistles, and I'll foot the bill; as for myself, I've got patients to see before night, and I must keep a clear head, so excuse me."

"Hurrah for the 'Doc!'" roared the crowd, composed of about fifteen or twenty of the roughs and bummers of the town, as they jingled their glasses and swilled their fiery draughts with evident relish and glee.

The Doctor came over to the stove (it was the winter season) and took a seat near me.

"Why don't you join the boys at the bar, young man?" he said; "it's a free thrate, and you're heartily welcome."

"I never drink, thank you!" I replied.

He eyed me for a moment with as keen a pair of black, sparkling, restless eyes as I ever saw.

"Well, well," he said, after his scrutiny ended—"Well, well, its the best plan any how—what's yer name, may I ask?"

Maurice Bartmoon," I replied.

He started at the name, and again cast on my countenance those keen black eyes.

"Are you an Irishman?" he queried.

"I am," I replied.

"Long over?"

"About two months."

"What county are you from?"

"County Down."

"Be me sowl," he replied, "I thought so, sure enough, sure enough; your the son of ould Maurice Bartmoon, of Bartmoon House, and the very picture of your father who was an ould and thrue crony—shake hands!"

I shivered a little inwardly but took the proffered hand.

He shook it heartily, for be it for evil or for good, there is no shake of the hand so warm and true as that of an Irishman.

"What business are you following?" asked the doctor.

"None at all," I replied, "I am in search of a situation as a school teacher."

"Then by the piper that played before Moses you may consider yourself engaged, for I am the secretary of the board of trustees for Monroe county, and we are nading a teacher in my district. You must come home wid me, for I'll boord, wash and fade ye, and the devil a rap will I charge ye aither—come along, my buggy is at the door—I've fourteen good miles to ride before sun down, so the sooner we are on the way the bether."

So saying the doctor arose, I following; we got into the buggy, wrapped the heavy buffalo robes around our feet, and in a few moments were dashing through a blinding snow in the direction of the doctors residence, situated on the verge of the Great American Bottom.

* * * * * *

I had taught the "Kirby School," as it was called, for two months, and was a boarder in the doctor's family, which was small, consisting of himself, his wife and an adopted daughter and myself. The doctor's house was unique in its way; it was built directly against the huge rock bluff which extends for hundreds of miles along the Great American Bottom, once the boundery of the mighty Mississippi; clearly proven by the marks left by its turbid waters, far up on their adamantine breasts; many ages ago of course; probably ere man had first come from the hands of a wonderful Creator to grace or disgrace a beautiful earth, as his passions for good or for evil so incline him.

The doctor seemed greatly attached to me, and while I say it, his adopted daughter Mary, loved me with a true and earnest love, which on my part was heartily returned. She was a beautiful girl, and as good and sensible as she was beautiful. Need I say more? What more could a lover desire, barring her hand which was promised to me with the full consent of her adopted father and mother when my school term had expired.

Kirby was highly esteemed the country round and had an extensive and lucrative practice, although for certain reasons of my own, which the reader has probably by this time conjectured, I bore him no good will.

One very stormy and inclement night we had a visitor—the drover Blackburn—Kirby was highly *delighted* to see him but I noticed a cold reserve on the part of Blackburn, to which I alone and Chief Ferrett held the key.

Supper was over and we were sitting round the huge log fire, I seated next to Mary, and Blackburn and Kirby, chair by chair in front of the crakling blazing logs.

"Curious mather, about that money, Dan avick," remarked Kirby to Blackburn.

"Very," returned Blackburn, drily.

"I've set a close watch on that Michael Hanlon, but he's still working at Poston's, and I'm almost beginning to think that the boy had no hand in it."

"I've thought so from the first," said Blackburn.

"Then who in God's name could the wretched thafe have been? Throth but its been a sorry thing to me; many a restless night I've passed on account of it. I'm a poor man, Dan avick, and your a rich man, but sorrow's me alanah, but I'd give every dollar your worth in the world, if I owned them, if the robbery had not happened, or had happened in some other house than mine."

"The doctor's voice faltered and two heavy tears stole down his cheek; the calm blue eyes of his wife, who sat next him, gazed on him affectionately for a moment and her small white hand rested on his coal black curling locks, while in soft and loving tones she said, "Don't cry, dear, you were not to blame!"

I stole a glance at Blackburn. His countenance wore a puzzled expression, as much as to say "I don't quite understand this."

Mary, who sat close by her adopted mother, was evidently troubled, and her quick sympathetic glance in the direction of Dr. Kirby, clearly showed that the cursed robbery, committed by whom it might have been, was a sore trouble to her pure and sensitive mind. I need hardly say I was in full accord with her, and in my own mind, acquitted the doctor of all complicity in the felonious transaction. As for Blackburn, his face was like the sphinx, unreadable, yet I knew that his suspicions rested on the doctor, and that the mere loss of the money was but a trifle in comparison with the unpleasant reflection that his friend of twenty years standing had arisen at the midnight hour and vilely robbed his guest.

The doctor recovered himself in a moment or two. Blackburn was gazing intently into the fire, and Mrs. Kirby in her soft, sweet tone remarked: "It is bed time, and Mr. Blackburn must be weary with his day's ride—come, dear, (to the doctor) you have to be up at midnight to visit a patient. Come, Mary—good night, gentlemen!"

We all arose; there was evidently a feeling of constraint in the breasts of all, and I was not sorry, when after the doctor and his family had retired, to disrobe and go to bed, although it was generally my habit to read until after ten o'clock.

As is usual in country houses, the sitting room contained the guests bed. I had retired and was already snugly ensconsed between the sheets—Blackburn was pulling off his heavy drovers' boots, preparatory to placing himself in the same situation, and as he tugged at the refractory cowskins, I heard him mutter, "Devilish puzzling; *was* it the "doc" or was it the tother?"

"Mayhap *neither*," I replied to myself, and dropped off into the "land of Nod."

I do not know what awakenened me, but I found myself, as the clock on the mantel above the still blazing logs struck three, wide awake and gazing intently and with compressed breath into the space between the window and the bed. The room was alight; everything perfectly distinguishable.

I felt a tingling sensation commencing at my feet and gradually working upwards to the very roots of my hair.

No wonder, for there right before my bewildered gaze stood Mary Kirby, in her snow-white night dress, an undefinable expression on her lovely countenance and a huge carving knife firmly clenched in her small white hand.

"My God what can it mean!" I mentally exclaimed, gazing in a half-mingled state of perplexity and horror upon the beautiful vision.

Slowly she approached the bed and stooping down for a moment was lost to my view.

When she arose again she had something over her arms, and the firelight glistening on the polished leather of the flaps, plainly showed that she had Blackburn's saddle-bags in her possession.

Then Mary Kirby was the thief; coming in the dead hour of night to plunder her adopted father's guest for the second time. And she my affianced wife! Great Heavens it was too horrible to realize!

I fell back in the bed with a groan and covered my eyes. When I looked up again she was gone, and the huge carving knife lay on the coverlid over the breast of Blackburn.

CHAPTER II.

"PRAY, BE VERY CALM."

My mind was in a perfect tumult of conflicting emotions. Sleep was, of course, out of the question. I arose, dressed, and taking a seat by the fire, tried to frame my mind to the quiet solution of the extraordinary occurence. But no; think as I would, there on the breast of the profoundly sleeping Blackburn, lay the damning evidence that I was *not* the victim of a dream—the knife.

While I was musing, I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and in a few moments the door opened quietly and into the room stepped the Doctor covered from head to foot with snow. He had returned from the bedside of his sick patient. He seemed rather surprised to see me up, and asked me if I was unwell.

"No, Doctor," I replied, "not unwell, but sadly surprised and miserable."

"Why, my dear young man. What *is* the matter? Tell me, avick!"

"You will be as much astounded as myself. I have found the thief!"

The Doctor started from his chair with a loud exclamation of surprise, startling Blackburn from his slumbers, and the carving knife fell from the bed to the floor with a sharp metallic ring, as it struck the boards.

"Are ye dhraaning or mad, Bartmoon?" exclaimed the bewildered Doctor.

"Neither. Would to Heaven I was one or the other," I exclaimed.

Kirby looked at me with a bewildered expression, and Blackburn, now thoroughly awake, gazed at us both as if he were not quite sure whether he was awake or dreaming.

"Get up, Dan," said the Doctor. "Get up, avick. Bartmoon here is aither mad or he has news that will startle you."

Blackburn rose, and coming over to the fire, said:

"Faith I believe yer both mad. What the divil can the mather be, and what is the maning of this thing that fell from the bed to the flure?" And Blackburn picked up the carving knife before the Doctor's eyes, who gazed at it with such a mixture of profound wonder and alarm, that were it not for the circumstances of the case I would have been compelled to laugh.

"By the great Dons of Thrinity" (a favorite expletive of the Doctor's) "explain this matther quickly. Bartmoon!" said Kirby, "Divil, take me if I understand it at all, at all!"

"I have said I know the thief."

"Know the thief—what *my* thief? The one that stole my money?" exclaimed Blackburn, his eyes dilating with wonder.

"Gentlemen," I said, "pray be very calm. What I have to say will startle you beyond measure. It has caused my heart a pang from which it will never recover."

"Explain! explain!" iterated Blackburn and Kirby, almost in the same breath. I rapidly explained what I had seen to the two astonished men and pointed to the knife to prove that I had not been dreaming.

"Whist! whist!" said Kirby, as he ran his fingers through his hair in a rapid manner. "By the great Hill of Howth, why did I not think of this before?"

"Think of what?" exclaimed myself and Blackburn.

"Quick! quick! out to the road, or the poor girl will freeze to death!" he said as he seized a large stable lantern that hung on the wall near the fire-place, and hastily lit it at the fire. "Be alive both of yez, and follow me. Och! Molly avourneen, why didn't I think of this before?"

"Think of what before? Are you mad?" asked Blackburn.

"Tare an ages, ye omadhauns?" roared the Doctor. "*The girl is a somnambulist!*"

Here was a new revelation and the blood bounded back to my heart with such an overpowering feeling of joy, that I thought for the moment I would suffocate.

"Hurry!—hurry—come along!" said Kirby, as he sprang for the door and rushed out into the inclement night, followed by myself and Blackburn.

It was a most inclement night; bitter cold and the pure white snow covering outhouses, trees and fences, gave a ghastly relief to the otherwise coal-black darkness.

"Here's her track!" said the Doctor, as he held the lantern close to the flake-white ground. Sure enough there was the plain, deeply impressed track of a small shapely foot in the cold white snow.

We followed the tracks; they led us to the west side of the house, where there was a door opening into a commodious cellar.

"She's in the cellar! quick! or the girl will certainly freeze to death," said Blackburn, whose truly unselfish Irish nature was more solicitous for poor Mary's welfare than for the recovery of his money.

I blessed his noble nature in my heart.

Into the dark and noisome cellar we followed the tracks of the somnambulist. The cellar, against all rule, was intensely cold; it seemed as if a piercing blast was blowing from an icy region, freezing the blood till it seemed to cease flowing in my veins.

The Doctor kept ahead with the lantern, which diffused a fair light through the dark atmosphere of this rock-bound dungeon, for such in reality it was, or rather had been, for the Doctor's house was at one time, during the occupation of Illinois by the French, the residence of the commander of a garrison. And the cavernous vault beneath was designed as a dungeon for prisoners of war, who worked the Great Saltpetre Mine in the hills at the rear of the house. In fact, the house itself was built directly against the huge adamantine rocks in whose bosom lay concealed the mighty masses of saltpetre which furnished two-thirds of the powder used by the French during their occupancy of the "Great American Bottoms."

Into this vast cave, out of use for a century and a half, the Doctor now led the way, still following the tracks which were plainly visible in the half-sandy-half-marl ground, over which we cautiously and anxiously took our way.

"Not one single word from aither of yez," said the Doctor. "Of course ye are aware of the fact that to suddenly awake a sleep-walker is often attended with fatal results. Sh-sh-sh! There she is now! Step to the left. Watch and disturb not her movements under any circumstances."

Breathlessly myself and Blackburn obeyed the Doctor's injunction, and stepping into a little nitch, from which saltpetre had been dug in former days, with intense anxiety and straining vision gazed upon the strange and wierd scene before us.

The vast cavern known all over the "grant" from Bonne Terre on the north, to Prairie de Rouge and Kaskaskia on the south. A cavern I had often heard of, but until now never dreamed that I was daily within twenty steps of it, in fact, the wall of my sleeping apartment above formed its western boundary, but art had so well disguised the fact, with an outward lining of polished walnut that no one would ever dream that not twenty paces from the centre of the room was one of the greatest natural curiosities in America. Yet such was the fact, and here I was now, my mind filled with a host of conflicting emotions of a strange mixture of awe, love, terror, despair, sorrow and joy, in the very centre of the great Salt Petre Cave of the West, viewing with almost uncontrollable anguish the perilous situation, of the only woman I ever loved. Yes, perilous situation, for at least twenty-five feet above my head—seemingly suspended in the air,—her white robes plainly relieved by the glare of the stable lantern, the glittering specks of mica-crystal and saltpetre, glistening and sparkling like so many gems—was my dear Mary, utterly unconscious of the fact that one false step on the slimy, treacherous rocks on which she was standing, would hurl her into eternity.

"Hush! for God's sake; not a single word friends. I must extinguish this light, and trust the poor somnambulist to the guiding hand of the merciful God," said Doctor Kirby, in a soft, earnest tone.

Not a word did we utter as Kirby, after his whispered command to us, extinguished the lantern and left us in profound gloom.

Nothing could now be seen in the Cimmerean darkness, nothing heard save the melancholy drip—drip—drip of the saline moisture as it pattered from the mighty vault above, adding little mites to form the huge stalagmite that was gradually growing upward from the rocky base below.

A low, sweet, musical voice—strange, weird and startling in this sombre cavern in the still hour of the night, under such appaling circumstances—caused our hearts to throb and beat with such force that were it not for the sound of the dripping waters, they might have been distinctly heard.

The money is safe; the thief is gone. I will now restore it. Edwin, Edwin, here—here—place it in the saddle-bags carefully!"

I was about to start forward—to cry aloud—but two heavy hands grasped my shoulders and a cold, firm hand was placed over my mouth.

"Hush, boy, hush!" whispered Blackburn, with intense earnestness.

"A movement forward and you will be her murderer!" hissed the Doctor in my ear.

I restrained myself, and waited with an almost bursting heart the ending to the most horrifying affair.

Again silence reigned supreme; the dismal pat—pat—pat of the water alone, breaking upon our ears.

A few moments more of terrible suspense in which a minute might seem a day, and a day an eternity, when the soft rustling sound of Mary's night robe could be distinctly heard as it rubbed against the cavern walls.

She was descending.

Would she slip on these slimy, treacherous rocks?

A fervent prayer arose from the breasts of three agonized men to the Throne of Grace for her safety.

Another moment, a seeming age, like the last one, and the pattering of tiny feet past the niche in which we were standing greeted our ears.

"Thank God she's safe," said the Doctor.

Two hearty amens followed the Doctor's Heaven-sent gratitude.

"Follow slowly," continued Kirby; "all is now well. The girl will go to her bed, and arise to greet the morning sun, utterly unconscious of the fearful peril through which she passed."

We waited in the cavern, probably five minutes longer, and then retraced our steps to the house.

The marks of Mary's feet were visible on the sitting-room floor going in the direction of her chamber.

"I will send my wife to chafe her feet," said the Doctor. "Merely," he continued, "to prevent her taking cold. No danger from frost, the snow has been their protection from that."

"By my sowl, look!" said Blackburn. We looked in the direction he pointed and there on the bed lay the drover's saddle-bags.

Kirby walked rapidly to the bed and seizing them hastily thrust his hand into their capacious depths.

"Hurroo, ye divils!"—the Doctor in cases of excitement was thoroughly Irish. "Hurroo, ye divils! Here's the money safe and sound."

And he held up over his head a large roll of something wrapped in a peice of red flannel.

"The money, as I live," said Blackburn joyfully, taking the package and quickly undoing it.

Sure enough, there it was in 500, 100 and 50 dollar bills, to the amount of $12,000.

"Glory to God! Dan avic!" said the impulsive Doctor, as he embraced his no less overjoyed friend.

Well, well, what more need I add? My story for all practical purposes is at an end. It is a true story too, as many people in Monroe country, Illinois, can testify to this day. Of course the shrewd reader of the POST can tell the sequel.

But that knife.

Oh! any work on somnambulism will explain *that*, dear reader, better than I can. I presume though, her possession of it and her strange act of placing it on Blackburn's breast may be accounted for in this wise: Some subtle, indefinable dread that the imaginary thief in her mind might be also a murderer, and knowing that Blackburn was a non-combatant (he was an Irish Baptist, as strict in his belief and performances as an Irish Catholic, and carried no weapons on his person. She, poor sympathetic dear, in the mysterious dread of some horrible danger threatening her father's friend from the imagined robber and assassin, thought it her duty to furnish him a weapon. There, that is my conjecture, dear friend; have your own if it pleases you better.

"And Mary——?"

Is now my wife.

"Did you——?"

Yes, I got the three thousand dollars

"And you are——?"

Still a detective, dear reader, and ready at some future day to help you while away a weary hour with even more startling tales than this.

THERE are situations that are unwholesome to the most robust constitutions, and there are professions and pursuits that are dangerous even to honest men.

HUMAN DESTINY.

Unremitted labor and unceasing vigilance are the lowest price at which man, in this world, can obtain happiness and safety. The primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," includes within its scope not only the bodily, but the mental and moral powers of man. And reason and philosophy, not less than revelation, clearly demonstrate that all nature, both within us and without, is so formed and constituted as to enforce this destiny.

Not only does the uncultivated earth bring forth thorns and thistles rather than fruit, but its tempting fruits, unless discriminated, may poison us. And the air we breathe, the fire that warms us, and the innumerable other objects which are essential to our existence or enjoyment, must be, for the most part, laboriously sought, and must all be cautiously distinguished, and appropriated, and used, if we would secure the benefits and escape the mischiefs which, in some form, each has the power to occasion.

And if we seek for happiness in the exercise of the mental and moral powers, the same toil and dangers await us. The temple of science stands at the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Moral rectitude is a critical medium, the two extremes from which are vices. And even the path to heaven, as we are instructed from the sacred desk, is narrow and difficult, with a broad road leading from it to perdition; so that earth and heaven are legibly inscribed by the finger of the Creator with the sublunary doom of man—toil and watchfulness.

And yet, such is the intrinsic constitution of human nature, that this apparently severe destiny is the efficient cause of its highest dignity and happiness. Perils and impediments in our path prompt us to vigilant and energetic action. Our chief happiness consists in successful effort—in acquiring the desirable objects arounds us, not in their supine enjoyment—in eluding, or grappling with and over-coming, danger—not in a quiet, lifeless exemption from it. And every human faculty put forth and exerted for these purposes is expanded, invigorated, and improved by exercise.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

"BRASS" has been very successful at Philadelphia.

FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH has in press a third edition of his "Fern Paradise."

W. E. H. LECKY is engaged in writing a history of social life in the Eighteenth century.

COL. VALENTINE BAKER will write letters to the London *World* from the congenial soil of Turkey.

LOUIS BLANC has never recovered from the shock of his wife's death, and is still in failing health.

IT is said that Mr. George L. Fox is at his own home, quite well in mind, though still weak in body. There is no hope of his recovery.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON will star next season in an emotional comedy, "Only a Woman," by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus.

TITIENS has been quite ill since her return to England from America, and is trying to improve her health to fill her autumnal engagements.

THE song of the "Star Spangled Banner," was first set in type by Mr. S. S. Sands, editor of the *American Farmer*, who is still living in Baltimore.

ONE of Verdi's letters brought $1 at a recent Paris autograph sale; one of Holery's, $2; one from Mlle. Mais to Louis Phillipe, $24; and one by Rachel, $37.

OCTAVIUS C. STONE, the New Guinea traveller, who was the first to penetrate inland towards the foot of the Stanley Range, has just returned to England.

MR. MOTLEY, the historian, is at present the guest of the Queen of the Netherlands at the beautiful little palace called "The House in he Woods," near the Hague.

"ABOUND the world" continues to draw overcrowded houses. On the 26th inst., the one hundredth performance of that spectacle in Philadelphia will be celebrated.

SENTIMENTAL singers receive from $25 to $100 per week. Among the leading ones are, Miss Laura Hernard, Miss Jennie Morgan, Miss Edna Markly, Mlle. Albatuti, Miss Josephine Shandly.

JOSEPH FRANKL, the eminent historical painter, recently died at the seat of Lord Bolton, in Hampshire, at the age of thirty-eight years. The fine arts in Australia are said to have lost in him one of their noblest representatives.

THE late Lord Dunraven's "Notes on Irish Architecture, vol. 2, will be ready in a few months. It will deal principally with the Round Towers and Ornamental Romanesque Churches anterior to the Anglo-Norman Settlement.

WE hear that Mr. William Morris has an epic poem in the press, the subject of which is the great Northern story of Sigurd and the Niblungs. The author has for the most part followed closely the Eddaic version of the tale.

THE sale of seats at auction for Edwin Booth's first night took place in San Francisco, August 29. The first choice of a proscenium box brought $115, and the other at premiums varying from $30 to $60. Seats in the dress circle and orchestra brought from $3 to $5.

MORITZ JOKAI, the most fertile Hungarian novelist, who is said to have published the enormous number of 150 volumes of romances, novelettes and dramas, is at present occupied in writing two new novels. M. Jokai, now in his fifty-first year, took part in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-9.

M. LEON DUCHEMIN, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Fervacques," a clever *literateur* of the Boulevard type, has died suddenly in Paris. He first established a reputation in literature by his notes on Paris, published in 1872, and for a long time contributed to the Paris press under the title of "Domino XV."

MRS. JEAN LANDER has dramatized Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and expects to produce it in this city prior to the close of the Exposition. Reading it before a circle of critics and friends of Hawthorne, recently, in Boston, its triumphant success was predicted. Mrs. Lander, herself, will play the part of *Hester*.

A NATIVE Indian paper states that Sir W. Muir has obtained from Kashmir a manuscript of the Athova Veda, supposed to be the oldest yet discovered. It is written in the Sarada character on birch bark, which has become quite brittle from age. It has been presented to the Indian Office Library, by whom it has been sent, through the German Embassy, to Professor Roth, at Tubingen, for examination.

THE Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, has collected his verses into a volume. R. H. Stoddard is compiling a life of Shelley. The Rev. E. P. Roe is finishing a new novel. Sidney Lanier has collected his poems for publication. Montgomery Blair is engaged on a life of Andrew Jackson. A committee has been formed in Paris, headed by Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc, for the purpose of publishing an edition of Edgar Quinet's writings.

THE stage is attracting new and noteworthy aspirants. Mrs. "Brick" Pomeroy is getting ready to play *Lady Macbeth*. Mary Anderson, a Louisville girl, has begun her dramatic career by successfully enacting important characters. May Davenport, a daughter of E. L. Davenport, is to have a part in "Three Days," the new comedy to be produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Eleanor Carey, a San Francisco heiress, is appearing at one of the theatres.

M. THEOPHILE SYLVESTRE, one of the most brilliant art critics in France, was asked to breakfast recently with M. Gambetta, who said he had good news for him. The news was that the decoration of the Legion of Honor had been obtained for M. Bruyas, the founder of the Museum at Montpelier, whom M. Sylvestre had assisted. M. Gambetta hurried away to the Budget Committee. Before the breakfast was finished, M. Sylvestre complained of the heat, and suddenly fell down dead of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-five.

THE STRONGEST CONSTITUTION is racked and often ruined by a stubborn attack of Fever and Ague. Yet all danger may be avoided, and the Chills promptly broken up, by resorting to Dr. Jayne's Ague Mixture. Sold everywhere.

ALSON F. BELCHER, CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 927 and 929 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SWEET ROSE ADAIR.

BY J. S. BOUVERIE.

The pallid night falls like a cloud,
The pallid night falls like a shroud,
Between my hands my head is bowed,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Oh, maid'ning tears fall salt and slow!
Oh, maid'ning tears confess my woe!
Deep in the grave they laid thee low,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

But once thy trembling hand I pressed,
But once I held thee to my breast;
But now thou art among the blest,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

From love's deep trance too soon I woke,
I reeled beneath that cruel stroke!
But hope still clasps the ruined oak,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Two stars gaze sadly through the skies,
Two stars that seem thy earnest eyes;
Thine eyes beseeching me to rise,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Oh, swift their glancing light must be!
But swifter than it comes to me,
My joy-winged soul shall sweep to thee,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"OH, EMPTY LIFE, OH, DREARY DAYS!"

Under that quiet surface which life wore in Joshua Haggard's household there were troubled waters.

Naomi had never forgotten the awful look in her father's face that afternoon in the wood. It haunted her in all places and at all seasons. The impression it had made upon her mind would not pass away. What it meant she knew not—dared not shape the thought in her mind—but she was very sure that it meant evil of some kind, evil to her father's soul, wrong to Oswald.

If she could have known for certain that Oswald had carried out the intention set forth in his fatal letter to Cynthia, she would have been, comparatively speaking, at ease and happy. But of this she knew nothing. Whether he had really gone to America, how and when he had left Combhollow, of these things she was ignorant. Cynthia might know, perhaps, but not even to set these anxious fears at rest could Naomi stoop so low as to seek for any information about her lover from the woman for whose sake she had been abandoned. No; if Cynthia knew anything for certain, the knowledge must remain locked in her breast. Save in the merest outward and ceremonial form, a bare civility in every-day intercourse, there could be no contact between Naomi and her step-mother. The gulf that sundered these two was impassable.

Oswald's letter had stated that he meant to leave Combhollow by the night coach. He had not gone by that coach, for James Haggard, who was fond of an evening stroll when the shutters were up, and who took a lively interest in other people's business, had watched the departure of the coach on that particular evening, and entertained his family at the silent supper-table with a detailed account of that exciting event in the every-day life of his town.

"There was only one inside, and that was old Mrs. Skevinew, who is going to Exeter to see her married daughter," said Jim; "she had three bandboxes, two umbrellas, a pair of pattens, and a pair of the new-fashioned clogs—she bought 'em of Aunt Judith the day before yesterday—a hamper of peas, a green goose, a basket of eggs, a tin of clouted cream, a red cotton handkerchief full of bullaces, two pasties done up in brown paper, and a pig's cheek. Won't her friends be glad to see her?"

"Who were the outsides?" asked Judith.

Jim ran over the names, checking them off on his fingers.

"Was there no one else in the coach?" asked Naomi, looking at her father, who sat in his usual place with bent brows, neither eating nor drinking.

"No one."

He had not gone by that coach then, thought Naomi. But presently it occurred to her that Mr. Pentreath's return to Combhollow having been a secret and underhand proceeding, he would hardly care to leave the place under the broad glare of his town's-people's eye. The departure of the coach from the First and Last Inn was a public event. To leave by that vehicle, at that point of departure, and not be seen, came hardly within the limits of possibility, unless a man had got himself hidden away in the boot before the spectators assembled; no, if Oswald had made up his mind to travel by that coach, he had doubtless walked on to some quiet spot, to be taken up as the mail passed.

This reflection quieted Naomi's fears in some measure, yet did not set her heart at ease. Her father's face haunted her like some unholy image sent by Satan to suggest evil. What had passed between Joshua and that weak sinner—what violence of upbraiding had the minister used against his wife's lover? That there had been an angry meeting of some kind Naomi did not doubt. Only a wild indulgence of evil passion, only an utter abandonment of himself to man's omnipresent tempter, could have conjured up such a look in Joshua Haggard's face. The dark mind of the spirit of evil was there reflected. The lurid gleam in those darkly brooding eyes was the red glare caught from the open doors of hell.

There had been hard words spoken, words of hatred and fury, perchance even some act of violence, a blow struck by that strong hand of Joshua's, who might have spurned the sinner as if he had been the tempter himself, in his base form of serpent. But it was over, and Joshua had doubtless begun to repent of his violence, and Oswald was on his way to a distant world to begin a new and wiser life.

"God keep him and guard him and lead him aright," thought Naomi, "and make him a good and great man. I could bear the pang of parting with him, could I feel secure about his happy future here and in the better world."

Oh, empty life from which he had vanished forever—oh, dreary days which hung upon this young spirit like a burden, and weighed her down to the dust! Yes, verily, to the dust; so that, in her utter weariness, she felt as if it would be a good and pleasant end of all things to lie down in some lonely corner of the land—lie face downward among the fern and wild flowers, and wait for death. Surely the dark angel would take pity upon her joyless fate, and come and fold her in his sheltering wings, and comfort and cure her.

"There is no other comfort, no other cure," she said, forgetting all the old pious lessons in her despair, forgetting even to do good to others in the sharpness of her pain.

She sought for consolation from no one—not even from honest Jim—who was distressed at seeing such blank hopeless faces in his home, and was eager, after his rough and ready fashion, to administer comfort.

"Come, Naomi, cheer up and be bright, like a sensible girl," he would say. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and though you've missed hauling a fine salmon through father's foolishness, you'll have your net full by-and-by, I'll warrant. A good-looking, straight-built lass like you will never want a sweetheart."

"Jim, if you talk to me like that I shall hate you!" cried Naomi. "I shall go single to my grave, and you know it, or if you can think otherwise of me, you're not worthy to be my brother."

"Hoity-toity!" cried Jim, "what fine notions run in our family! Here's father refusing the lord of the manor for his son-in-law, and you talking of dying an old maid because your first affections have been blighted. Why, if my first love takes a wrong direction, I shall turn my heart into the right road, as easily as I guide gray Dobbin down a lane where he doesn't want to go. Just a shake of the reins or a touch of the whip, and off we start."

Crushed by this weariness of life, Naomi strove, notwithstanding, to do her duty. Even Aunt Judith found no room for complaint with Naomi or Cynthia, unless haggard eyes and pale faces, and low voices with no joyous ring in them, were sufficient ground for upbraiding. The household work was faithfully performed. The starching and ironing, the dusting and beeswaxing, the sewing and darning, were duly done. Cynthia had finished her dozen of shirts, without a gusset set awry, a seam puckered, or one deviation from a right line in the pearl-like stitching of collars and wristbands; and now she had taken to knitting Joshua's gray woolen stockings, which was a pleasantly dreamy occupation calling for very little exercise of the intellectual faculties till one came to the heel. She used to sit in the garden or the wilderness in the calm September afternoons, with a grave, quiet face bent over her flashing needles—a face that told of an abiding sorrow. The Miss Weblings would scarcely have recognized their cheerful, sunny-faced little maid in the serious young matron, with a complexion almost as white as her cap. Joshua rarely saw that patient figure sitting in his place on the grass plot, for he had been growing more and more indefatigable in his visitations among the scattered members of his flock, walking great distances to lonely homesteads or laborer's cottages, or, when not thus occupied, spending his afternoons in solitary wanderings by the wild seashore, holding commune with his troubled soul.

Save at family prayer, and at meals, he was now seldom seen in his own house, while he had almost wholly deserted the shop. Aunt Judith bewailed this falling away from the good old habits which had made Haggard's the leading commercial institution in Combhollow. The salvation of one's soul was a vital transaction, doubtless; but a man secure of his calling and election in eternity could well afford to attend to his temporal business, instead of wandering about in desolate places like John the Baptist, without having anyone to baptize.

"He might as well live on the top of a pillar like St. Simon What's-his-name, and have his meals sent up to him by a ladder," said Judith, contemptuously, "if his mind is never in his business. We're always running out of things now, for want of proper attention to the stock."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"AND YET I FEEL I FEAR."

To Naomi it was a small thing that her father should be indifferent to loss and gain, and turn his back upon the business by which his father and grandfather had maintained their importance and respectability in the little town. The change she saw in him was more alarming than this neglect of daily duties—a change which she associated involuntarily with that bitter day on which she had seen his gloomy murderer's face pass by her in the woodland dimness.

In the autumn evenings, when she could escape from the joyless house, Naomi felt herself drawn, as by a magnet, to Pentreath wood. It was not that she found peace there, or consolation. She loved the shadowy scene as a place in which she could feed her grief, and haunted it as an inconsolable mourner haunts the burial ground where lies her dead. How desolate the place seemed in the season of earth's decay, all the winding ways deeply strewn with the red-brown leaves, soft and soddened in the hollows where the autumn rains lay longest; frogs croaking in the marshy places, and a dead snake lying here and there among the brambles.

It was not often that Naomi went within sight of the deserted house, where the old servants lived on in a lazy seclusion, waiting their master's bidding; almost as slumberous a household as that which slept for a hundred years, in the old fairy story, only that here there was no lovely princess shining like a jewel in the innermost chamber of the castle. Here were only empty rooms and dust and loneliness.

One evening early in October, Naomi roamed a little further than she had intended, and found that, to reach home in decent time, she must take the nearest way, which was across the park, and out into the road by the park-gate. This would take her very near the house.

It was a fine, bright evening. The sun had set redly behind the trees before she had entered the wood, and now the moon had risen and was shining over the great sea yonder—a lovely evening, mild and peaceful. She was loth to go back to the lighted room at home, and her father's evening lecture, now always of so gloomy a character as to minister to her despair, rather than to lift up her soul from its depth of sorrow.

The hall-door stood open, and a light burned dimly within. Old Nicholas, the butler, was sitting in the porch. He recognized Naomi as she skirted the outer garden, and got up quickly and came after her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Haggard, but seeing you go by just now, I made bold to follow you. Have you heard any news of the young Squire? I've wanted to ask sometimes when I've been up at the shop, to get my bit of tea and sugar, but your father wasn't about, and I don't like to ask your Aunt—she's apt to be snappy."

"No, Nicholas, we have had no news. You would be more likely to hear of your master than we."

"Deary, now! I knew there was something wrong when he came down here so sudden, and told me I was to say nothing about it, and he was going off to Ameriky, and I was to keep the place in order again Mr. Arnold came home, and then he was to be the master here. A power of changes to happen in such a short time, ain't it, Miss? I feel as if the world was topsy-turvy, somehow. The poor old master gone! He was dreadful near, to be sure, but I'd got used to him, and I misses his fidgety pinching ways, looking after every candle-end, and such a nose of his own if he suspected we was frying a bit of bacon for supper. Well, he's gone where scraping and saving won't help him, poor gentleman. There's no candle-ends in the heavenly Jerusalem."

Nicholas sighed despondently, as if he doubted whether an immortal home, in which cheese-paring could not be practiced, would satisfy his departed master.

"And you haven't heard nothing, Miss?"

"Nothing," answered Naomi. "But there is hardly time for anyone to have had a letter yet—is there, Nicholas?"

"I can't say, Miss. Perhaps not. It were the beginning of August when he went away, warn't it? and yet I begin to feel uneasy in my mind about him. There was something queer about his going away, you see!"

"How do you mean?" asked Naomi, looking at him intently.

"Well, you see, he says to me, 'Nicholas, you get they two big trunks down to the coach this evening, and that there bag.' The trunks were what he'd packed his clothes and books in, and such like, that morning, purpose to take them with him to Amerika. 'I shall walk on ahead, and let the coach pick me up this side of Henbury turnpike,' he says. 'But you get they trunks safe in the boot,' says he. So the gardener and I puts 'em in a barrer and wheels 'em down, and gets 'em safe packed into the boot afore seven o'clock."

"Well, what then?" asked Naomi, with suppressed eagerness.

"What then, Miss Haggard? Why, they trunks and that there bag is in the young Squire's room now—come back, like a bad penny!"

"Come back?"

"Yes. The coach never picked him up this side of Henbury turnpike. The coachman never set eyes upon him all along the road. When he got to Exeter, there was no one to take to they trunks, no directions left about 'em, so he just brought 'em back; and if the young Squire be gone to Amerika, he be gone without his luggage. Lord, Miss, how you do tremble! I hope there's nothing wrong, but it comes over me sometimes that things ain't altogether right!"

"He may have changed his mind at the last," said Naomi falteringly. "He may not have gone to America!"

"Perhaps not, Miss; but wherever he's gone, he's gone without his luggage—even the carpet-bag, with his razors and night-clothes."

"He may have had other luggage in London."

"He had a black portmanteau at the inn where he'd been stopping in London, but it wasn't a big one. It wouldn't have been luggage enough for Amerika, or anywhere else in foreign parts. And then the books and things that he was so fond of, and his writing-desk, and most of his clothes—all in they big boxes. It's odd he didn't send for 'em."

"He may not want them."

"But it's queer for him not to want 'em all time. And if that there coach didn't pick him up—and we know it didn't—how did he get away? Nobody saw him leave, nobody heard of him. Lord a mercy, Miss, how white you be! I didn't ought to say such-like things, but it weighs so heavy on my mind. It's a comfort to talk about it. The London lawyer he sends me down my wages monthly, and board wages for me and the others indoors. We might live on the fat of the land if we chose, only our constitutions have got used to pinching and we likes it. We couldn't have a better place, only they two trunks weighs upon my mind, and I shan't feel easy till I've had a letter from my master."

What comfort could Naomi give him—she whose thoughts were full of fear? She went home and found the family circle waiting for her. It was past the customary prayer-time by ten minutes or so.

"Rambling again, Naomi!" said her father severely, and then opened his Bible and began to read a chapter of Jeremiah, which he expounded, dwelling darkly on all that was darkest in the text. The cry that followed was rather a cry at self-abasement and desolation than a supplicatory address, curiously different from that simple and single-minded appeal which the Divine Teacher dictated to His disciples. Joshua asked for no common wants of common life; he pleaded not to be forgiven as freely as he forgave—but he grovelled in the dust before an angry God and heaped ashes upon his head, and abased himself with humility which touched the confines of fanaticism.

"What kept you out so long, Sis?" asked James, when they were seated at supper.

"Nicholas, the butler at the Grange, stopped me to ask about his master. He is very anxious about him."

"Why?" asked her father sharply.

"Because he has been away so long, and has not written."

Cynthia lifted her languid eyes, large with sudden terror.

"How could anyone get a letter? He has not been gone three months. And even if there were time enough, why should he write to Nicholas?" said Joshua.

"Nicholas is anxious about him, anyhow," answered Naomi.

She said nothing about the luggage left behind, which was the chief cause of the old servant's uneasiness.

"Well, all I can say is that a young man with such a property as that was a fool to go to America," remarked Jim, conclusively.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

The beach was thronged, but the day was a chill one, and but few bathers ventured in the rolling surf. A little group were gathered in one of the low summer-houses. Evidently something more than usual engrossed their attention; and that something seemed to be embodied in the persons of a couple of ladies walking slowly along the beach, at some little distance from them.

"They must have come this afternoon, Carrie. Isn't she lovely, though?"—and pretty, impulsive Adelaide Ellison's brown eyes looked a world of admiration as they rested on the younger of the two lady-strangers, whose delicate, clear-cut profile was turned towards them.

"Lovely is no word," replied Adelaide's sister. "I have a special grudge against old Dame Nature for the phiz she bestowed upon me. If she had given me a face like that, I wouldn't have to sign myself to-day, 'Caroline Ellison, spinster.'"

The peculiar emphasis with which she drawled out the last words raised a general laugh. In the midst of it a young gentleman standing near sauntered up to them.

"What mischief are you plotting here, about which you all seem so much amused? May I be allowed to make one in the conspiracy? I had better make sure of a position, however, before Miss Carrie votes me out;" and he laughingly threw himself on a seat beside them.

"Now, don't you and Carrie Ellison begin your usual passage-at-arms, or you will find some one beside her to vote you out. We are all peaceably inclined, and want no one but amicably-disposed persons among us;"—and a pair of blue eyes and rosy lips smiled a contradiction to the saucy threat.

She need not have blushed so shyly; Eugene Carlton understood woman, and knew his power, and pretty May Bentley was not the first girl with whom he had flirted.

"Let him alone. I don't feel inclined to disturb the public peace, and without me he is dumb. Look yonder, Mr. Carlton," Carrie said, suddenly changing her light tone to one of seriousness, "and I will show you the loveliest woman you ever beheld;"—and she indicated, with a slight motion of her hand, the stranger who had called forth so much admiration.

The gentleman gave a perceptible start as he turned that way.

"Helen Sutherland, as I live! How long has she been here?" he questioned eagerly.

A little child playing on the sand at their feet looked up suddenly at the name, and her quick glance followed theirs.

"Oh! pa, there is Miss Sutherland!"—and the miniature fort melted away from under the little feet as she sprang to the side of a gentleman, who sat a little apart from the group, looking gloomily out on the water. "Mayn't I go and speak to her—she is over there with her aunt? Say, pa, mayn't I?"—and she shook his hand, impatient at the tardy permission.

A quick pain passed over the man's face, and then left it white and drawn. He smiled wearily as he answered her, but without turning his head.

"Yes, Daisy, go; but only stay a few moments, for I shall be going in directly."

She did not wait to hear more, but darted off like a deer. The conversation ceased at the child's exclamation, but was again taken up as she vanished.

"So you all know her?" exclaimed Carrie. "Her beautiful face has so interested me that I am bubbling over with all the curiosity of my sex to learn all I can about her. Is she married or single? I heard Daisy Moreland just say the lady with her is her aunt. So I am acquainted with that much of her history:"—and moving a pace nearer Mr. Moreland, she looked smilingly from him to Mr. Carlton for a response.

"As Mr. Moreland's acquaintance with the lady in question is of a previous date to mine, he can, doubtless, satisfy you better than I. So I will leave the desired information for him to impart:"—and a baleful gleam glistened in Eugene's steel-like eye as he turned carelessly away, but not soon enough to lose the scathing contempt of the glance that followed him.

"As far as I am able, I will gratify you, Miss Carrie. Her name is Helen Sutherland. She is single, or was up to the time of my last seeing her. The lady with her is her aunt; and they have probably come to the seaside for health and enjoyment, like ourselves."

"Thank you, Mr. Moreland, though I don't know why I should be grateful to you for informing me of the lovely rival who will compel us to hide ourselves in corners until the summer's campaign is over, and then beat an ignominious retreat homeward, labelled unsaleable on account of a superior article lately come into the market:"—and Caroline Ellison laughed merrily at the picture she had called up.

"How you do talk, Carrie!" and Adelaide turned a flushed face towards Mr. Moreland, that was a half-apology for her sister's reckless gaiety.

"She doesn't mean one-half she says, merry girl that she is:"—and he glanced at her with a thoughtful smile, as she moved away.

"I must leave here. This warfare would soon kill me:"—and the veins stood out like cords on his pale forehead.

He rose, and looked towards his child. He could hear her gleeful laugh as the lady raised her, and playfully seated her on a rock that jutted out just beside her. The sight burned his eyes, for the man he hated stood beside her. He caught the child's eye, and motioned her to return; and as he did so, Miss Sutherland turned that way, and her eyes lingered, as though fascinated, on the stern face, while a pale shadow crept up to her own.

"Take me down, Miss Sutherland; pa wants me."

The voice recalled her; and pressing a kiss on the rosy lips, she released her, and her face settled into its usual cold, proud air.

Eugene Carlton had been watching her.

"You take a great interest in that child, Miss Sutherland."

She did not hear the tone, only the words.

"I love her!"

The fervent tones startled him.

"For the father's sake, perhaps?"

He must have been mad, or he would never have ventured that.

A lightning flash darted into her eyes.

"You forget yourself, sir. Your remark is an insult. I desire the companionship of none save gentlemen. Since you lay no claim to that title, I would be alone:"—and she turned proudly away.

"Forgive me, Miss Sutherland! Helen! You know the feeling that moved me. You scorn it, but it is eating up my heart."

"Enough, Mr. Carlton. I have heard these words before, and I think I expressed a very decided wish at the time that it might be for the last. Your memory is treacherous:"—and with a scornful smile, she left him standing there, while she joined her aunt, who had walked on.

His eyes fairly blazed with passion, and their evil light boded no good to the haughty girl, who thus slighted his proffered love.

Miss Sutherland was an heiress. It does not take the world long to discover that fact; and with the double attraction of wealth and beauty, society soon made her its queen. Right royally she wore herself.

"How do you like her?" one asked of another. "She is lovely, but cold as an iceberg, and just about as impressionable"—the latter with a shrug, that might have implied a warning suggested by experience.

That was the unanimous opinion, but it mattered very little to the lady herself. So, after one or two attempts to become established on a familiar footing, but meeting with a lady-like but decided repulse, they were fain to content themselves with worshiping her at a distance.

The summer sped swiftly away, and the soft hazy autumn was passing. The place was not as full as at first, for some of the butterflies of fashion had already flown back to their homes, where they were eagerly looking forward to the winter's gaieties. Helen Sutherland was among the loiterers, and Eugene Carlton attached himself with cool persistency to her side.

Was it because Daisy loved the sea-side, that Mr. Moreland still chained himself to the spot, where the constant strain upon his over-wrought feelings was wearing him to a shadow?

It was one of those delightful, drowsy autumn days that impart to one such a sense of lazy comfort. The sun had set, and evening was fast creeping on.

At the Grand Hotel, Helen Sutherland came gliding down the staircase, dressed in a trailing robe of white, with a crimson moss-rose and bud drooping from the heavy coils of her hair, arranged so that it set off the classic head to the best advantage; and another fastened at her collar, where its rich color lent a soft, pinky tint to the full throat. Her eyes had a sad, weary look, that would attract sympathy, even as her calm, stately bearing repelled it.

The ladies'-room lay in shadow, and she entered it. Passing over to the piano, she played over a simple prelude. It sounded like fairy-music, so soft and plaintive. Little Daisy heard it, and came, dancing, into the room.

"Dear Miss Sutherland, I knew it was you!"—and she raised herself on tip-toe, for a kiss.

"How did you know it, pet?"

"Oh, I felt it;"—and she made a motion towards her heart, as though the knowledge had come from there. Miss Sutherland smiled, and drew the little creature to her in close embrace. "Didn't you hear me? I knocked at your door a little while ago, and you did not answer."

"I was lying down, Daisy, with a headache, and that is why I did not hear you."

And she averted her face, as though the commiserating, childish eyes could look into her heart, and read the pain that had reached even to the throbbing temples.

"Poor, poor head!"—and the little cool palms wandered over the brow that yet burned and ached.

"I am better, darling;"—and she imprisoned first one white hand, and then the other. "And now, what does Daisy want of me?"

"Sing for me, please. Pa is ill to-night, and I feel lonely."

And she drew up a chair, and seated herself in a womanly fashion close by her friend.

"Is he very ill, pet? and is that the reason why—why he hasn't been out to-day?"

"He hasn't been quite well for a long time, but he feels worse than ever to-day."

A look of pain in the face bent so earnestly above her, seemed to startle the child, for she opened her eyes, in a pleading, frightened way, and asked, with a gasping sob, "He won't die, will he, Miss Sutherland? I couldn't live without my own precious papa."

At this moment a gentleman who was sauntering in the garden of the hotel, drew near the open window, and stopped as those words caught his ear.

Daisy sprang from her seat, and buried her face in Helen's lap.

"Heaven forbid!"

It burst from Miss Sutherland's lips with an energy that surprised herself, and caused the gentleman outside to start.

"No, no, Daisy! Dry your eyes. Pa is only a little unwell now; he will soon be well. Don't you know, if he were very ill, he would send for a doctor?" This seemed to reassure the child, and she raised her face with a brightened expression. "Now I am going to play something nice for you. Some other time, I will sing; I don't feel in spirits to do so to-night."

And, seating the tender-hearted little creature back in the chair, she began playing some lively melody that soon drove her trouble from her mind.

Childhood's sorrows are evanescent, and baby hearts cannot dwell long within their pale. One moment tears, the next smiles, and then the same eager pursuit after childish pleasures. Little Daisy was no exception; the gay music soon made her forget her grief; and, as Helen's playing gradually settled into its first plaintive tone, she stole softly away, and left her by herself.

Resting her head on her hand, with her right she kept up a slow succession of chords, their strange mingling showing that her thoughts were far away.

"Miss Sutherland—Helen!"

The gentleman had sprung through the window and was at her side, his hand held out to her in meek pleading, a flush on his pale cheek, and his eyes seeking hers in silent questioning. A scarlet tide covered her face and neck, for one brief moment, eye spoke to eye, and then died away in a gray pallor. She rose, and her haughty figure assumed a still prouder bearing. She was about to speak, but, at that moment, another gentleman entered at the window, and a mocking voice spoke:—"In here, and alone, Helen?"

That was a new familiarity; she would resent and prevent its repitition, but not now.

"Ah, no!" he continued; "a companion. Excuse me; I was not aware that any one was with you. Shall I withdraw?"

He turned from her to Mr. Moreland.

"I will make Miss Sutherland's wishes mine, if it pleases you," responded Moreland.

Carlton turned on him a vindicative glance. Knowing the man and his usual proud indifference to the petty assaults of mean spirits, he did not expect an answer otherwise than in the polite and dignified manner that made him so distinguished among men. Carlton had recognised him as soon as he entered the half-darkened room, but affected an oversight, to make his greeting felt the more; hence his familiar use of Helen's name. His annoyance at Moreland's cool contempt was swallowed up in the mortification of Helen's reply.

"You need not fear expulsion from my decision, Mr. Moreland;"—and her manner was most flattering, as she smilingly motioned him to a seat.

"You will be obliged to excuse me, Miss Sutherland, as my illness of to-day has not entirely left me, and I find repose very necessary. Good evening."

And with a bow to each, he withdrew; and a few moments after he passed the door with Daisy, who wafted a kiss on her little white hand to her loved friend. The lights were now lit, and Mr. Moreland saw her, standing in her full glow, with that man smiling and happy beside her, careless of the heart that was seething with passion and love.

A heartless woman! He tried to think of her as such; for those eyes had once looked their love into his, and those arms had twined their white length around his neck! He turned away with a sigh of agony.

Helen sought her room a short time later with a throbbing heart that bounded with hope one minute, and sank with despair the next. What did he mean? More trifling? If so, why that look of misery and sad pleading, that made her heart bound as it never had since that long ago. And she sat there, smoothing out her long locks, slowly and dreamily, while Eugene Carlton paced up and down the broad terrace, smoking his cigar—man's never-failing solace—and puzzling over Helen's strange familiarity, and her after hauteur, that baffled and confounded him.

Late that night, when the hotel was shrouded in darkness, and Helen lay tossing on her pillow, vainly trying to compose herself to sleep, a quick tap was heard at her door, and a frightened, childish voice called her name. Daisy! She knew it was Moreland's child; and, springing out of bed, she opened the door with a chill foreboding of evil. A little white figure stood there, shivering in the chilly October night.

"Daisy, what is it, child?" and she raised her in her arms.

"Pa is—oh, Miss Sutherland, I don't know what ails him. He groans, and says such queer things; and when I speak to him, he laughs in a way that makes me cry; and he keeps telling me to call somebody to thrust the knife deeper in his heart. He says it will make *her* happy. Who is it, Miss Sutherland? Who would wish to hurt papa? He is so good to everybody; isn't he?"

And the sad eyes appealed to hers for the answer.

Sweet, unconscious child? Your innocent baby-words are falling like barbed arrows against an aching heart, that has long steeled itself to human sympathy. Across the chasm of months gone by, her soul floats out in a voiceless yearning for what might have been. With an effort she threw off the weight that oppressed her, and, placing little Daisy on the bed, she hurriedly summoned assistance.

By the next morning, it was known throughout the hotel that Mr. Moreland was very ill—brain fever the physician pronounced it. As to its cause, he was Mr. Moreland's friend, and remained silent.

There was some speculation rife, when Miss Sutherland, quietly, took little Daisy to her own suite of rooms, and under her own charge; and though her white face and more than usually chilling manner excited comment, still it was in no way connected with the sick man; for though Daisy's exclamation on the first day of Helen's arrival proclaimed some previous acquaintance, still their evident indifference to each other's society gave them no clue as to its character.

Days dragged their slow length along; and, one afternoon, sitting in the October twilight, a summons came to her. With a dreary pain at her heart, and limbs that almost refused to carry her, she obeyed it. There was no hauteur, no repelling indifference now, as she passed, a humbled and miserable woman, into that chamber where the death-angel seemed hovering.

A white face rose before her, and a voice that seemed like an echo of the past spoke to her.

"Helen—with death so near, you will not refuse to let me call you by the old name. I sent for you that I might——"

"Oh, Moreland! Moreland!"

Her low despairing cry interrupted him, and her arms were reached out piteously as she flung herself on her knees at his bedside.

"Helen, do you love me?"

Excitement lent its strength to the arm on which he raised himself, and the fervor of a mighty passion looked out from the loving eyes that turned to her with a wild hope dawning in their depths. For answer, she drew the poor head to her bosom, and pressed kiss after kiss on the pale face.

A low tap sounded at the door, and Helen sprang to her feet as the physician stepped in from an adjoining room.

"You will think me a barbarian for interrupting you,"—and he smiled pleasantly—"but I must look after my patient, and see that he doesn't injure himself. We mustn't have any more excitement now, Moreland."

He shook his head emphatically, as, with something suspiciously like moisture in his eye, he walked to the window.

With the whispered, "He knows all, darling," to Helen, and "Just a few words more, Charles," to the doctor, he drew a little crumpled note from beneath the pillow, and handing it to her, said, simply, "Read it!" and then lay back watching her face in its swift change from pained surprise to anger, as she read a note that seemed to be in her own handwriting, to him. A cold, cruel demand to be released from her engagement with him. Love for Eugene Carlton was given as the cause, and closing with a request that he would let the matter end then and there.

This, then, was the cause of Moreland's sudden departure from London, and the brief note that told her she was free, leaving no explanation of his strange conduct, nothing but a proud, desolate heart for the woman he had so heartlessly deserted. Ah, well! the pain and misery were all gone now; and with wondering surprise in her eyes and voice, she handed it back to him with the simple, "I never saw it until now."

"As I suspected, darling; but not until to-day, when something, I know not what, brought back to me Eugene Carlton's dangerous talent for imitating the handwriting of others."

"That was immediately after I had coldly repulsed him for speaking words of love to me, knowing, as he must have done, the relations existing between us."

She said this half to herself, half to him.

"This, then, explains all," said Moreland. "He doubtless hoped that, wounded in pride and heart, you would turn to him. How little we both knew you, darling; but it is all over now, is it not?"—and folding her hand in his, he closed his eyes with a sigh of relief.

She let it stay there, softly stroking it with her soft, white palm, until, weak and exhausted, he fell asleep. The doctor beckoned to her from the next room, whither he had stolen, unnoticed.

"You have saved my friend's life, Miss Sutherland. I had despaired of rousing him from the dull apathy, and but for you I don't know what I would have done. Pardon me for speaking thus freely, but I feel like an old friend, so I take some of the privileges of friendship."

And there was kindness in his eyes, and in the clasp of the hand that took hers in a warm pressure.

Miss Sutherland's aunt, with occasionally the doctor, played propriety, while Helen nursed her lover through his slow convalescence.

People hurrying away home to avoid the chill breeze at the sea-side, left with the conviction that there was one mystery society's eyes had failed to penetrate. Perhaps Eugene Carlton could have explained the matter. A certain little note, the facsimilie of the one Moreland had received, excepting that it bore at its close the compliments of Mr. Moreland and Miss Sutherland, lay torn in little bits where it had been thrown by his baffled and angry hand. He left the Grand Hotel suddenly one morning, and they have not seen him since. Moreland has entirely recovered, and little Daisy will soon have a new mamma.

A WORD ON "BEING SETTLED."

The great error of the age in rearing children we have long believed to be in all the time holding marriage before them as the great aim and end of their existence. They are taught to look to a good settlement in life as the great purpose of their creation. All business that may enable them to earn independently their own living is too generally considered as degrading woman from her true sphere. Hence the dependence, and poverty, and suffering that meets us in every community. A distinguished man has said, "If I were talking to my own daughter, I would entreat her never to allow herself to dwell upon marriage as an object of life. Dignity and delicacy sink, I cannot say how rapidly, when once that idea takes possession of the mind; and so, for happiness, there is no more miserable being in existence than a woman, past the excitement of youth, aiming to be married for the sake of being married. She becomes more and more dissatisfied and envious, and neglectful of the performance of present duties.

LITTLE ETHEL'S WORK.

Old Godfrey Harland, with the gray hair pushed back from his broad, time-marked brow, his keen eyes blazing with a fierce light, stood and watched the flames curl about the tiny white paper, and muttered, "Burn! burn! I told you when you turned from me, that from that hour I disowned you. So shall it be."

She had written for money. She asked it for herself and child, and begged him, now that she was widowed and alone, to come to her. It was but a few houses down the street, and she prayed:—"Come to me, father, for I am starving—dying!"

But he, hard-hearted old man, smiled bitterly, and thought of Arthur Linden and the terrible oath he had taken on that night so long ago, when she passed out before him, clinging to her young husband with all her woman's strength and love.

He looked around him. The warmth, the rich light, the perfect elegance, pained him.

"Father, I am starving—dying!" seemed to ring in his ears; and it was all in vain that he smiled, and put on a hard, cold expression, and let the lines about his mouth come out sharp and clear. He could not forget the sweet face which had for so many years been the light of his home, and the tender hands for ever ministering to his wants. He seemed to see her beside him, the golden hair shading a pale young face, and her great blue eyes, so like her dead mother's, ever fixed upon his own. Sweet Ethel, starving—dying!

He sought to find a tender place in his heart for her; but the great wrong she had done rose up and trampled down every thought of kindness, and bringing his hand down upon the table, making the sparkling glass and silver dance like things of life, he said, "Let her starve and die! She chose her path, and now let her follow it. Not one penny of my money shall go to feed her."

And there the old man sat, wrapping his mantle of bitterness around him, until the fire smouldered down to a heap of ashes, as cold and gray as the heart of the watcher.

* * * * * * * *

"Mamma, won't my grandpapa come to us?"

"No, darling, I fear not. It is over a week since I wrote to tell him how poor and lonely we were, and I have heard nothing. Darling, heaven alone knows what we are to do. May Providence watch over and protect you when I am gone.

The child drew close beside her, and wondered where mamma was going, and listened to the short breath and saw the blue eyes fading, and wondered if it would make her well, this "going away" of which she spoke.

"He is a naughty, bad grandpa, ain't he, mamma, to let us suffer here? Can't I go and ask him my ownself for something?"

"By-and-by, when I am gone. Perhaps he would pity you, and let you live with him."

Little Ethel's eyes grew bright and wise, and she shut her lips close together, and watched for her mother to sleep. She had not long to wait; for Mrs. Linden had sat up nearly all the previous night, coughing, and suffering from the intense pain it caused; and almost as soon as the chatter of her little daughter ceased, she sank to sleep.

Down from a nail in the corner came a little hat, and, not waiting for her cloak, she ran out.

Grandpa lived somewhere near; for mamma said so, and she could find him if she tried. She ran down the long street, through the crowd, and looked all around for a house that looked like "grandpa's;" but she could not see one.

After a while, she grew tired, and sat down upon a doorstep; but there were boys playing a little further down, and she was shy, so she went on to another. This was a very broad step, with a great lion on either side; and, as she looked at them, they seemed so large and real that she was almost afraid they would jump at her, and eat her up. She began to think that they would, if they were as hungry as she was.

Pretty soon she began to think of mamma and grandpa. Dear me! what could she do? Well, she must begin at once, for it was getting quite dark. She looked frightened and bewildered, and, all at once, the tears came into her blue eyes. It would be dreadful if her mamma should awake during her absence, and go away, and she could not find grandpa after all.

"You must not sit on the steps!" called a loud, smart voice at the door; and little Ethel looked around.

"Run right away, unless you want to see some one."

"I do. I want to see my grandpa."

"Well, he don't live here. What is your grandpa's name?"

"Grandpa—Harland. Yes, Grandpa Harland, that's his name."

"Why, Mr. Harland owns this very house," said the smart maid; "but I don't believe he is your grandpa. He had a daughter once, but she ran away with a good-for-nothing; and, even if you are her child, I am not sure that I ought to let you in."

"I think he is my grandpa."

"Well, come in here. Mr. Harland is having his supper, and you can't see him until he is done."

She opened the library door, and Ethel sat very quietly upon a stool near the fire.

"I think you are hungry," said the girl, who seemed rather kind-hearted.

"Yes, I think so," said Ethel.

So the girl brought a large sandwich; and Ethel took it, and wished mamma could have some. She resolved to put a piece in her pocket, since she gave her the the whole; and, just as she was trying to get a big piece into her pocket, a gruff voice called out, "Here! What are you doing? None of that!"

It was a terrible voice, and so frightened little Ethel, that she turned round with her eyes full of tears.

"What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing. I only wanted to take a piece to my mamma," she soon said; for Ethel was a deal like her grandpa, quite brave and firm.

"Your mamma! Well, who is she?"

"She is my mamma, sir; and you're my grandpa, I s'pose."

Mr. Godfrey Harland paused, looked at the thin little figure, the pinched, hungry face, and the blue eyes.

"What is your name, child?" he asked, the gruff voice growing soft and low.

"Ethel, and so is my mamma's. My mamma is very poor and ill, and very, very hungry. The maid gave me a piece, a big piece, a big piece of this,"—and she held up the sandwich,—"and so I thought I would take part of it to her."

"Did your mother send you here?"

"No. She was asleep when I came. She told me that she would not be long with me, and when she was gone, she wanted me to come to you. But she ain't gone yet."

Godfrey Harland rang the bell; and when a footman appeared, he said, "Order my carriage!"

Then while he was waiting, he took the strange little form upon her knee, and talked to her, asking her many questions, all of which little Ethel answered.

"The carriage is ready, sir," said the footman.

"Haven't you a cloak?"

"No; I left mine at home."

"Here, Lizzie, bring a thick shawl or cloak. Bring two, while you are about it."

Lizzie brought the shawls, and while she was being wrapped in one, Ethel wondered what her grandpa was going to do with the other. He took her up in his strong arms and carried her down to the beautiful carriage at the door, lifted her in and tucked the warm wrappers around her; and away they flew down the street.

It was a very short distance to the house where Ethel's mamma lived; and Ethel was out of the carriage and in the little room in a moment after they paused.

"Is that you, darling?" called her mamma.

"Yes, mamma. Where is the candle? Oh, yes, I have got it. Here, grandpa;" and by the time the dim light shone through the room, a gray-haired old man stood looking down at the pale, wasted face of Ethel's mamma.

"Father! father!"

"My child! Thank heaven, I am not too late!"

Ethel was called to bring the shawl and help her mamma; and before she clearly understood it all, they were in the carriage, and going back to the beautiful house, with its warm fires and rich furniture.

Mrs. Linden grew strong and well; and Grandpa Harland forgave her for the little daughter's sake, and all were happy and thankful forever after.

SEVERED.

A LADY'S NARRATIVE.

I am old now. Threads of silver are sprinkled in my hair, and the roses have long since passed away, leaving but the faded lily. I have been looking over old letters to-day, and I did not think they could make a heart ache which I had thought dead. Oh, those letters! how they bring back the old time—my lost love! I put them one by one away, and unfolded a yellow, time-worn paper and read:—

"Married, at Genoa, Arthur Lee and Maud Gray."

That was years ago. I read it over and over again until a mist comes before my eyes, and I cast it aside, perhaps never to look at it again. Let me tell you my story. At the age of sixteen I was left an orphan, penniless, and alone in the world, without a friend. My education had not been neglected, and but for this I do not know what would have become of me. I went out into the world as a governess. Nothing could have pleased me better; and the family in which I established myself was a very pleasant one. Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Minnie, aged twelve, and Carrie, two years younger—this was the family. Arthur was away, so I did not count him as one of them.

I had a pleasant home for two years. Then Arthur returned, and everything seemed changed. From the first time I saw him I felt a dread of being in his society; why, I cannot tell, unless it was I knew that I must love him, and our different situations forbade anything of the kind. Arthur Lee was certainly the handsomest man I had ever met, with a certain indescribable fascination hard to resist. I was unhappy from the moment he came, with a feeling of unrest impossible to shake off. Love him I did, and I feared to be in his company, lest in some word or act I should betray my secret.

But I had no need of this fear; for soon Arthur told me himself how dear I was to him, and asked me to become his wife. I could not answer him, it was all so unexpected; but when he called my name, and told me how he loved me, I could only tell him what my heart prompted—that I would be his wife. I spoke of his family, but of them he did not think or care; he only knew he loved me. Oh, the happy hours of those summer days! They are the brightest spots in memory's dim vista.

When the autumn came, Arthur bade us all farewell. Business called him away. The evening before his departure we walked to our old trysting-place to say good-bye. He told me he should be away only a short time, and when he returned we would be married. I was very happy, for I thought he loved me, and when he held me in his arms, calling me by every endearing name, I thought my heart must break to say farewell. The moon was high in the heavens, and I could see his lips tremble when he said good-bye.

"Wait a little longer, and I will come for you, and you shall be my own dear wife." As he said these words, the moon was suddenly hidden under a dark cloud, and I shuddered when he touched my hand.

"Farewell!" he said, very tenderly. "We shall meet again soon. Why, what is the matter with my darling? Your hands are like ice!"

"Oh, Arthur," I answered, "we shall never meet again!"

But he laughingly told me I was nervous and excited, and a few hours' rest would make me myself again. I did not believe it, and I bade him good-bye with dark forebodings.

The next morning he left, and everything continued as before.

I heard from Arthur often—such letters! every line is stamped upon my heart. A year passed, and then he wrote his parents that he was coming home, and would bring his bride. What a message! I thought there must be some mistake; I could not believe it. But when I saw the marriage in the paper which Minnie handed me, I knew it was all too true.

For weeks I lay between life and death, and at last awoke to the terrible truth. Arthur had come, and the silvery laugh I heard on the stairs was his wife's. It seemed all a dream. The physician's order was that I should see no one but the nurse; this I was glad of. A few weeks more and I had regained my strength sufficiently to move about my room. I could sit at my window and see Arthur and his girl-wife. It seemed all so strange to me. I thought my illness had taken my senses away, and this must be all fancy, and Arthur—my Arthur would return to me. But, no, it could not be; the terrible truth came back to me two-fold.

I was so much better, the physician said I might go down stairs the next day; but that night I got some one to take my trunks away when everything was still; and stealing down the stairs, for a moment I looked in at the half-opened door, and saw Arthur for the last time, and caught a glimpse of a sweet, childish face, with sunny hair—Arthur's wife; and then I went out in the dark night alone to battle with the world.

I went many miles off, and I have never seen Arthur since. They all understood why I left—all but his wife. I have forgiven him years ago, and trust we shall one day meet where none are married, neither are any given in marriage.

HERE AND THERE.

HARD to beat—boiled eggs.

BILLS of exchange—lover's kisses.

A PAIR of slippers—a couple of cats.

WHEN ought mariners to have fruit at sea? —When they stem the currents.

A ST. LOUIS man ran six miles after his nose, thinking he was going to a fire.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WHY was the first of September like the transgression of Adam? Because it was the beginning of the Fall.

AWKWARD Ornaments.—A well-moulded arm is prettier without bracelets; besides, they are liable to scratch a fellow's ear.

AND now a Missourian comes into court and wants to collect the following bill: Henry Frey, for living with my wife, $15.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad an' if its nothing ye want, ye'll find it in the jug, where the whiskey was."

GEORGE L. FOX, the clown, is recovering. When he got hold of a bad egg the other morning he made one of those old faces just as easily and naturally as ever.

A SARATOGA girl writes home: "There are plenty of males here—lisping, silly, hair parted-in-the-middle swells—but, O, for the sight of one genuine man!"

"MARRIAGE is promotion," says George Eliot, in the eyes of such a reasoner, a man with his third wife, would don'tness just for a brigadier general.—*Rochester Democrat.*

AN old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them: "You are small potatoes." "We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones."

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug." "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

A SARATOGA letter writer asks, in despairing tones, "Where are the men?" We don't know, dear, just where all them are, but from our sanctum window, we just now saw six of them file round behind the screen of a sample room over the way.

TRUE POLITENESS.—Polite youth: "Excuse me, sir, but you've dropped your cigar ash on your trousers." Crusty Old Gent: "Well, sir, and what then?" You've had a fuse burning in your sleeve for the last quarter of an hour, and I never interfered with you!"

NOTHING undermines one's faith in a man's liberality to the church so much as to see him run his hands down in his pockets when he sees the contribution-box travelling his way, then look astonished and remark to the person sitting next to him: "I have got on my other pants."—*St. Joseph Herald.*

"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak for fear you will reject me. But I love you; say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed"—and then he came to a pause: "your smiles would shed"—and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood shed," said Amelia; "go on with the pretty talk."

ONE day Bill had company to dine with him, and his wife wishing to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful of what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well mashed, when he said: "Dolly pass the grease!" "Why, William," said his wife, "you should call it gravy." "Well," said Bill, "I guess if I spill any of it on your tablecloth you would call it grease." The guests shouted.

THE idea of saving gas is getting to be little less than a mania with some of our city officials. "What are you coming home at this hour for?" asked the wife of one, as he came stumbling in at o'clock the other morning. "'Cause, my dear," was his naive reply, "I dr'nt want to come in the n' but wait 'till morn'—ter save 'er gas, you see." She couldn't see it in that light, and told him so as she led him into the house by the ear.

A FEW days ago a stranger at an Albany hotel asked for a napkin at dinner. The waiter refused to give him one. "But," said the guest, "that man at the other table has one." "That man is a regular boarder, and has just got back from the Centennial, and I have to pander to him for a day or so, but it won't be long before he will be wiping his mouth on the tablecloth and cleaning his nails with the fork like the rest of the gentlemen. No stranger, we don't allow any style as a regular thing, but we can't help ourselves sometimes."

A FEW years ago, in New Hampshire, the people of a certain township were about to celebrate the opening of a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came, and with it to the bridge came the multitude and the orator. He had no written preparation, that being he had been told, unlawyer-like—a lawyer being supposed to be capable of speaking without note or notice, any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our orator trusted to the occasion. He stood out on the platform, and, amid the profound attention of his audience, commenced: "Fellow citizens—Five and forty years ago, this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" Again he paused. [Cries of "Good, go on."] Here was the "rub." "I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that *I wish—I wish it was part and parcel of it now!*"

A Grand Record.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since Hostetter's Stomach Bitters was first brought to the notice of the American public. To-day it is the most popular remedy on this continent for dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, nervousness, urinary and uterine complaints, gout, rheumatism, intermittent and remittent fevers, and is widely used in South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and Australia, as a preventive and remedy for malarious disorders, and for many other maladies to the relief of which it is adapted. The record of its victories is written in the testimonials of thousands whom it has cured, to many of which the widest publicity has been given; it has won the emphatic sanction of leading members of the medical profession, and it has repeatedly been made the subject of encomiums by the home and foreign press. Comment on the above facts is unnecessary. We leave the public to draw its own conclusions.

THE COLOSSAL BRONZE STATUE OF VICTORY which stands in the Park, at Lowell, before the tomb of the first soldiers that fell in the revolution, is a lasting and beautiful tribute of art. It is one of the first objects sought by strangers visiting our sister city, which indeed many visit purposely to see this elegant object of high art. It was obtained from the King of Bavaria by Dr. J. C. Ayer, to whom his majesty was especially gracious in acknowledgment of what his remedies are reputed to have done for the suffering sick. It was donated by the Doctor to the City of Lowell as a permanent and speaking emblem of the victories both of Science and Arms.—*Hagerstown (Md.) Press.*

The American House, Boston, always reckoned one of the best of Hotels, like good wine, seems to improve with age. Its location is unsurpassed for parties, either on business or pleasure, and it has few equals in its thousand contrivances for the comfort and pleasure of its guests.

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LELAND'S STUYVESANT HOUSE, Broadway, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, New York city, has reduced 100 rooms, with board, to $3.00; 100 rooms to $3.50; Parlor and Second Floors, $4.00 per day; Rooms, European Plan, $1.00 per day and upwards. The Stuyvesant is kept in first-class style, superbly furnished. Elevator and every improvement. Location convenient to all places of interest to the visitor. Street cars pass hotel for Depots and Central Park.

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ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING.
ONE ROLLED PLATE GENTS' WATCH CHAIN.

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ONE PAIR PLAIN CHASED SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING.
ONE LADIES' ENGRAVED ENGAGEMENT RING.
ONE HANDSOME ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN.
ONE ALASKA DIAMOND BOSOM PIN.
ONE LADIES' FINE NECK CHAIN.
ONE ENGRAVED LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
ONE GENTS' HEAVY SILVERED RING.

2 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE LADIES' LONG ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN.
ONE SET GOLD FRONT PIN AND EARRINGS.
ONE LADIES' ROMAN GOLD NECK CHAIN.
ONE HANDSOME CROSS FOR ABOVE.
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3 DOLLAR LOT.

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THE FASHIONS.

Since the millinery openings, which usually inaugurate the Fall season, have taken place, we are able to give more decided descriptions concerning the new styles of

HATS AND BONNETS.

The latter are really curious in shape, having high pointed crowns and capote fronts. The crowns of many are covered with feathers; the preference being given to the shaded lophophore feathers, with their tints of blue and green just dashed with golden lights. A band or ruche of feathers covers the rim also.

The hats have, for the most part, high round or pointed crowns, and in some instances wide rims. Others are pretty much the Derby shape, and have the brim upturned in the back, while the front droops over the forehead. For travelling, the

GRENADINE SCARFS

are much worn—dark-blue and green being given the preference. These are wound about the neck, and form quite a protection.

In dresses the basque and overskirt still appear, although the polonaise is given precedence by many modistes. This last does not materially differ from the polonaise of a few seasons ago, except that it is somewhat longer and not so wide, and has not such elaborate drapery in the back widths.

Black cashmere polonaises are again worn, generally over a black silk underskirt. Some are trimmed with jet and embroidery; others are quite plain, having simply a hem and one or two rows of machine-stitching at the bottom.

In suits for the intermediate season,

BLACK HENRIANI

is most worn, because it is more dressy than the mohairs, and is very suitable for the promenade, shopping or the like. One that we can commend as a model had a deep pleated flounce on the lower skirt, and a deep round overskirt, hemmed and draped with bows and loops of ribbon. A diagonal trimming crossed the front, and was finished at each end with loops of ribbon. The basque was a cutraas, and had the long sidebodies reaching from the shoulder seams down. Each seam is corded with silk, and the edge has a fold of silk under the cord. The sleeves have folds upturned across, and are finished at the waist with a knife-pleated ruffle, standing frails of the dress material lined with silk. A dress of striped gray and brown delaine was combined with brown silk in a very pretty way. The underskirt was of the striped material, and had a knife-pleated flounce of brown silk at the bottom; above this was another flounce, narrower, however, of the dress material; and the overskirt had a deep knife-pleating of silk around it. A pleated pocket of silk was placed low down on the right side, and had loops of ribbon at the bottom. The cutraas basque was of the striped material, being sleeveless and corded with brown silk; the sleeves worn were of brown silk, with striped cuffs. A sash of brown silk was draped in the back. A brown Derby hat accompanied this suit, trimmed with brown wing and cardinal-colored ostrich tips. A pretty morning dress was of cream-colored cashmere, lined with and also faced with deep myrtle-green silk. The facings down the front were quilted in small diamonds. The sleeves were half flowing and trimmed at the bottom with revers of green silk; deep Hymn collar of silk with pointed fronts. A flat cord and tassels of dark green confined the waist, while crochet buttons of dark green were placed at regular intervals down the front on both sides, and loops of green silk braid or flat cord fastened it by crossing from one to another; pockets of green silk were on either side-width, and were ornamented with three buttons and small tassels of silk.

CLOAKS FOR AUTUMN

wear are quite long, many of them only half tight fitting; others again are short and double-breasted, something on the style known as the English walking jacket.

Dolmans again appear, and for tall graceful figures are very elegant. The hanging sleeves are not so long as formerly, being more square in shape. Fringe and lace are both used for trimming these dolmans, and are equally pretty, provided the lace is really good.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Coral jewelry, both in pink and red, is very popular again.

Cardinal gauze veils are among the novelties.

Undressed kids are considered more stylish for morning wear and traveling than the the smooth finished gloves.

In leather belts, the pointed shape like the old style "peasant belt" on a lesser scale, has, for the present, a lease upon popular favor.

Flaring *empire* fronts to bonnets are no longer in vogue.

Checked black and white boots are the fancy of the moment or day.

Brown will be much worn this winter, and, of course cardinal, in several shades. The deep shades are the most stylish of this last mentioned color.

Cherry red will be a popular color this winter.

Nets for the hair have returned, made of soft silk braid. Cardinal color and black are given the preference.

Necklaces of carved olive-wood, in bead shape, are popular.

Neckerchiefs of netted silk with deep fringe, are again worn.

Black velvet chatelaine pockets with silver clasps and attached to long chatelaine belts of silver slides with a black velvet ribbon run in them, are worn.

Black tulle veils, dotted with fine chenille dots, are worn—only as masque veils, however.

Long chatelaine loops of hair are again worn.

Polerine fichus, of knitted Shetland wool, with knotted fringe and tassels are worn over the head, about the shoulders, crossed over the bust and taken about the waist, being afterwards tied behind in a loose knot.

The high, pointed tyrolean hats in rough braid are very much worn, but are not becoming to long narrow faces.

Gloves of undressed kid are *en regle* for morning wear.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

In this number we shall give instructions for a table cover in silk embroidery and application work. The materials required are a yard and a half of cardinal colored cloth, such as is used for covers of tables, pianos, etc. Two yards of myrtle green silk, one of cream-colored velvet, and some skeins of cardinal colored silk, bright golden yellow, and pale green silk. Find the centre of the cover, divide it from that point into sections; six will be the required number. Mark the outlines by a white basting thread. Cut one long "palm leaf," as it is called, copying the pattern from similar leaves on shawls, from the green silk, and baste them carefully on each of the six sections marked off, being careful to place them exactly in the centre of each section. Button-hole stitch the edges with the cardinal colored silk, and work diagonal lines across the wide part of the leaves in the golden yellow, dotting the spaces with pale green. Cut trefoil leaves from the cream-colored velvet, and baste in between the palm leaves. Button-hole stitch the edges down in pale green, and vein the leaves with cardinal color. Work a Grecian border in the different silk, making it double and doing it in chain-stitch. The result will be very rich and oriental looking, if the application work has been smoothly laid on.

NINON.

TO AN INFANT.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

Gem of my soul! soft be thy slumbers,
And sweet thine infant dreams of air;
That little heart no grief encumbers,
No thorn surrounds the roses there;
Then sweetly sleep, for not forever
Soft as to day thy couch may be,
But years, my love, will roll and sever
My babe, perhaps, from home and me.

Then rest thee light—thy mother singing,
Is all the sound that meets thine ear,
She, to whom all thy heart is clinging,
She, whom thou lovest best, is near;
And if a tear fall gently on thee,
'Twas not the bitter drop of pain,
'Twas but a love gem dropped upon thee,
And smiles shall make it right again.

Oh, rest thee, then; thy heart, so simple,
Thinks all is safe when I am by;
Repose appears in every dimple,
And quiet in that closing eye;
Oh, might this season live forever—
But time will fly, it cannot be,
And years, my love, will roll and sever
My babe, perhaps, from home and me!

MORE PRIZE PUZZLES.

The prize puzzle which has been repeatedly published in these columns, has attracted so much attention, and developed so much ingenuity in our readers, that we are encouraged to keep up the interest in this department, by offering additional inducements.

We will give

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

for the first correct answer to each of the following puzzles; the answer to be received before October 1st.

Each of these puzzles is a rebus, easily read, (when you know how) and each one forms a sentence containing a good suggestion.

No. 1—Two one one Two

$1000,000, D D E E.

No. 2—E E D D e e.

No. 3—A E E A O O.

A TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I do not as a rule engage in commercial speculation; but my dear friend Jones insisted with such eloquence upon the success that must indubitably follow upon the establishment of the Great Butter Company—an association formed for the the manufacture of that commodity out of a material which shall be nameless, but which was by no means so precarious and open to adulteration as cream, and the supply of which was practically inexhaustible—that I suffered the name of Martingale to appear, for a consideration, on the list of directors.

It is a name well known in society, and was up to that time untainted by connection with trade; unless, indeed, the swopping and sale of chargers—for which I will back myself against any cavalry officer in Her Majesty's service—may be considered by the pedantic as coming under that head. As for the City, I knew nothing more about it than that it was a locality lying east of Cox's, the army agent's, which was the limit of my personal experience in that direction. I have always breathed quite another atmosphere—that of Pall Mall; I wish I could say a purer one; but the fact is, that the atmosphere of the smoking-room both at "the Rag" and the "Junior" are, towards the small hours of the morning, when my own day is by no means finished, something appalling. I had three hundred a year for directing the Butter Company; and it was far easier work, I am bound to say, than were the old duties in my regiment, for which I was paid a precisely similar sum. Once a month the chairman called for me in his brougham, and deposited me at the offices in Cornhill, where, after an excellent luncheon (of which our butter formed no ingredient), I attached my autograph to certain documents; a proceeding which, I believe, is technically termed "passing the accounts." There were some persons of my acquaintance and profession—persons I have reason to believe who had themselves applied for directorships, and failed—who did not scruple to call the Great Butter Company a slippery concern, and who affected to give me friendly counsel to get out of it; but I was too well accustomed to the system of military exchanges not to perceive their drift; their object was of course to be gazetted in my stead. I listened to their jokes about "Martingale the man of business" every time I returned from an expedition to Cornhill with even more than my usual good-nature, for I had twenty-five golden reasons in my pocket—the directors were paid monthly—for sticking to the Butter. And I believe the Butter would have stuck to me, had it not been for my own fault—if I can call that a fault which was the most extraordinary piece of ill-fortune that ever befell a fellow, and solely through another fellow's being too clever by half.

Well, I say the G. B. C.—as we who belong to it were accustomed to call it, as the chairman said, "out of affection and euphony," but so far as I was concerned, for mere shortness—was a little "talked about;" it had its detractors, and even its enemies. People shook their heads at it (especially when they tasted the butter), and prophesied we should not last; and it was necessary to advertise considerably to get new customers. Our business lay rather with new ones than old ones, perhaps; but it was gradually getting spread over the country—though thinly spread, like butter upon bread at school.

So long as we were harmonious amongst ourselves, said the chairman, or, at all events, washed our dirty linen at home—did not attack one another in the papers, as so many boards of directors are wont to—we should be all right; but if once there should be mistrust of one another, he would not answer for the consequences. "Let only the Great Butter Company be true to itself," said he, during the peroration of the most powerful speech I ever remember to have heard from any man *sitting*, "and I do not hesitate to affirm that the days of dairymen are numbered." For though I am still under an obligation of secrecy as to the material of which our butter was composed, I may say it had nothing in common with dairies—except a little water. Enough, however, of commercial details.

When playing at pool in the early autumn one night at the Club, I had the misfortune to lose—neither my money nor my life, for I am amazingly careful of both, but—my self-possession, and somehow or other got inveigled into a promise to go down to old Slowcombe's to shoot, upon the first of October. It was a foolish thing to do, for Slowcombe is a bore, and I happened to owe him a little money; and when a man is both a bore and a creditor, it is intolerable to be under the same roof with him, more especially if it be his own. There were some excuses for me, for in the first place there were so few men in town that we were obliged to ask Slowcombe to make up the pool, and secondly, when one owes a fellow money one is bound to be civil to him. We got talking of pheasants, and the old fellow asked me if I liked pheasant-shooting, and when I said yes, "Then come," said he, "and have a shy at mine." I no more suspected Slowcombe of having any pheasant-shooting to give away than of keeping a roulette-table at Hampton Court races; he was a stodgy, pursy, plethoric old fellow, who had been in the yeomanry for a day or two (just to get a qualification for the Club), and then rested on his laurels. Still, when a man farms his own land, there is always a temptation to get *something* out of it, and it seemed he had grown pheasants. I ought to have been more prudent, and I will be another time, or my name is not Martingale.

I am, however, a man of my word, and I never thought of breaking my promise to Slowcombe, until I heard him ask another man, and then another, to come down and enjoy themselves among his covers, and *both of them refused point-blank*. They did not owe him money, as I did; but it struck me that they were more decided in their negatives than the occasion demanded.

"Why don't you go down to poor old Slowcombe's?" said I to one of them, a man I should have liked as a companion in such an expedition: "he means well and is quite harmless."

"Harmless! By Jove! that is just what he isn't," was the unexpected reply. "Why, last year was the first, according to his own confession, that he ever took gun in hand, and he shot Brooks of ours in the leg at fifteen yards in one of his own turnip-fields. You don't mean to say you never heard Brooks tell the story about his leg, and how Slowcombe made game of it?"

I did not like to say that I myself had promised to go down to Slowcombe's, but I made up my mind from that moment that I wouldn't go. I am not a family man, but I respect myself, I hope, as much as if I was; and I wasn't going to be blown to pieces by an old rhinoceros like that, in a field of swedes. My difficulty was to find an excuse; for the other men's refusals—and his own knowledge perhaps of why they would not come—had made Slowcombe "touchy;" and when I had hinted that I couldn't be quite sure of being with him on the First, he had made an allusion to the little matter of business between us, which I felt to be equivalent to "play or pay"—Come to Ploughshire (for he lived among the clod-hoppers), or settle my account.

At last I hit upon a plan. He knew that I was connected with the Great Butter Company, and had often sounded me as to its prospects; but I could never persuade him to invest in it. "If it's such a real good thing, you had better stick to it yourself, Martingale, and let nobody else in." I didn't like the remark about letting people in; but I was not in a position to quarrel with Slowcombe. He parted from me on the last day but one of September, telling me he wanted twenty-four hours to get his guns ready, and impressing upon me the best train by which to start for Ploughshire on the morrow. The next morning (the 30th), I wrote him this letter from the Club:

My dear Slowcombe,—I am exceedingly sorry to disappoint you—and still more so to disappoint myself—but I regret to say that my proposed visit to you has been knocked on the head. The enclosed telegram will explain itself. Nothing but the most urgent business would have prevented my keeping my engagement; and I feel confident, from the ideas you have often expressed to me respecting the necessity of attending strictly to the G. B. C., I need no further apology for my absence. You will, doubtless, have many another gun with you, and if the phrase of "the more the merrier" can be applied to pheasant-shooting, that of "the fewer the better cheer" is certainly still more to the purpose. A fuller bag, will, I hope, compensate for the absence of yours most faithfully,

MARMADUKE MARTINGALE.

Then leaving the envelope open, I proceeded to concoct the telegram:

From the Secretary of the Great Butter Company (Limited), Cornhill, to Marmaduke Martingale, Esq., Military, Naval, and Militia Club, Pall Mall. Defalcations have been discovered in the Company's accounts. I am therefore compelled to summon an extraordinary meeting of the Board of Directors for Wednesday next, when your presence will be indispensable.

I gave this composition to the Club commissionaire, an active, intelligent fellow whom I had often employed, and sent him off to the nearest telegraph office. I calculated that it would return to me—in telegraphic form—in about a quarter of an hour at furthest. But as it happened, it did not. I had an engagement for that afternoon at Hurlingham, and was obliged to leave the Club before the arrival of the unexpected document. However, as I knew it must come, and could place the utmost confidence in the porter, I left my letter with him, instructing him to place the telegram inside it as soon as it came to hand, and then to post it.

The next morning, I found upon inquiry that this had been done, and thought no more about the matter. The day after, a note, as I had expected, arrived from Slowcombe; the contents of which, however, I did not expect:

Sir,—I am astonished that you should have the assurance to send me that telegram from your place of business. If you imagine because your secretary has "bolted," and the "blessed concern" (as your friend terms what I had understood from you to be a sound commercial association) has "burst up," that I shall not be disposed to press for my hundred pounds, you are very much mistaken. I have placed the matter in the hands of my solicitor, and remain—Yours obediently,

THOMAS SLOWCOMBE.

Had I taken leave of my own senses, or had Slowcombe taken leave of his? "Bolted," "burst up," "blessed concern?" No such words, I am sure, had ever been contained in my telegram. What on earth did it all mean? I did a thing which I had never done before, except upon the first Monday in every month—I hurried to our place of business in the City as fast as a hansom could take me; and found the shutters up. The office of G. B. C. was closed—just as though the Company had been defunct. Upstairs, however, I found the chairman looking at a heap of bills and gnawing his moustache.

"This is a pretty piece of work, Captain Martingale," said he; "and we have to thank you for it."

"To thank *me*?" cried I. "What do you mean? Is *everybody* gone mad? I have done nothing—*nothing*."

"Perhaps you didn't send a telegram to our secretary about defalcations?" "Here it is." And he tossed me over the message I had sent from the secretary to myself—*transposed*. That respectable and intelligent commissionaire had, it seemed, taken it for granted that I had made a mistake in sending a telegram to myself, and substituted the word "from" for "to," and "to" for "from." He thought, doubtless, he was doing a very clever thing, and one for which I should be much indebted to him.

The secretary really had, it seems, "defalcated" in a small way, and getting my telegram (instead of my getting his), he thought all was discovered, so laid his hands on everything he could, and decamped. It was the chairman himself who had wired the news to me in that familiar style, which had so incensed Slowcombe: "Our secretary has bolted, and the blessed concern has burst up."

The Great Butter Company, in fact, was nowhere, thanks to my little device for avoiding pheasant-shooting. The secretary would probably never have fled, but only have gone on defalcating slowly, but for my alarming message; as it was, everything was precipitated, including the compulsory payment of my debt to Slowcombe. It was altogether a miserable fiasco; and when I hear fellows talking about the splendid results of civilization, and "Look at the electric telegraph, for example!" and "the corps of commissionaires!" I say to myself—But never mind what I say. I have told enough to make it understood why I should not agree with them.

MY HUSBAND'S SECOND WIFE.

A WOMAN'S REVELATION.

My husband came tenderly to my side.

"Are you going out this evening, love?"

"Of course, I am!"

I looked down complacently at my dress of pink crepe, dew-dropped over with crystal, and the trails of pink azaleas that caught up its folds here and there. A diamond bracelet encircled one round, white arm, and a little cross blazed fitfully at my throat. I had never looked better, and I felt a sort of girlish pride as my eye met the fairy reflection in the mirror.

"Come, Gerald, make haste! Why, you haven't begun to dress yet!"

Where were my wifely instincts that I did not see the haggard, drawn look in his features—the fevered light in his eyes?

"I can't go to-night, Madeline—I am not well enough."

"You are never 'well enough' to oblige me, Gerald. I am tired of being put off with such excuses."

He made no answer, but drooped his head in his hands on the table before him.

"Oh, come, Gerald," I urged, petulantly; "it is so awkward for me to go alone *always!*"

He shook his head, listlessly.

"I thought, perhaps, you would be willing to remain at home with me, Madeline."

"Men are so selfish!" I said, plaintively; "and I am all dressed. Claudia took half an hour for my hair. I dare say you'll be a great deal quieter without me—that is, if you are determined not to go."

No answer again.

"Well, if you choose to be sullen, I can't help it," I said, lightly, as I turned and went out of the room, adjusting my boquet-holder, the tube-roses and heliotropes seeming to distil incense at every motion.

Was I heartless and cruel? Had I ceased to love my husband? From the bottom of my heart I believe that I loved him as truly and tenderly as ever wife did; but I had been so spoiled and petted all my brief, selfish life, that the better instincts were, so to speak, entombed alive.

I went to the party, and had my fill of adulation and homage, as usual. The hours seemed to glide away, shod with roses and winged with music and perfume; and it was not until, wearied with dancing, I sought a momentary refuge in the half-lighted tea-room, that I heards words wakening me, as it were, from a dream.

"Gerald Glen!"

I could not well be mistaken in the name—it was scarcely common-place enough for that. They were talking—two or three business-like-looking gentlemen—in the hall without; and I could catch, now and then, a fugitive word or phrase.

"Fine, enterprising young fellow!"—"Great pity!"—"Totally ruined, so Bees and McMorken say!"—"Reckless extravagance of his wife!"

All these vague fragments I heard; and then some one said, "And what is he going to do now?"

"What can he do? Poor fellow! I am sorry; but he should have calculated his income and his expenses better."

"Or his *wife* should. Oh, these women! they are at the bottom of all a man's troubles!"

And they laughed. Oh, how could they? I had yet to learn how easy it is, in this world, to bear other people's troubles!

I rose hurriedly up, with my heart beating tumultuously beneath the pink azaleas, and went back to the lighted saloon. Mr. Albany Moore was waiting to claim my hand for the next dance.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Glen? How pale you look!"

"I—I am not very well. I wish you would have my carriage called, Mr. Moore."

For I felt now that home was the proper place for me!

Hurried by some unaccountable impulse, I sprang out the moment the carriage-wheels touched the curbstone, and rushed up to my husband's room. The door was locked; but I could see a light shining faintly under the threshold. I knocked wildly and persistently.

"Gerald, dear Gerald! for heaven's sake, let me in!"

Something fell on the marble hearth-stone within, making a metallic click, and my husband opened the door a little way. I had never seen him look so pale before, or so rigid, yet so determined.

"Who are you?" he demanded, wildly.

"Why cannot you leave me in peace?"

"It's I, Gerald—your Madeline—your own little wife."

And I caught from his hand the pistol he was striving to conceal in his breast—its mate lay on the marble hearth, under the mantel—and flung it out of the window.

"Gerald! would you have left *me*?"

"I would have *escaped!*" he cried, still half delirious, to all appearances. "Debt—disgrace—misery—*her* reproaches! I would have escaped them all!"

His head fell, like that of a weary child, on my shoulder. I drew him gently to a sofa, and soothed him with a thousand murmured words—a thousand mute caresses! For had it not all been *my* fault?

And through all the long weeks that followed, I nursed him with unwavering care and devotion. I had but one thought—one desire—to redeem myself in his estimation; to prove to him that I was something more and higher than the mere butterfly of fashion I had hitherto shown myself!

Well, the March winds had howled themselves away into their mountain fastnesses; the brilliant April rain-drops were dried on bough and spray; and now the apple-blossoms were tossing their fragrant billows of pinky bloom in the deep blue air of latter May.

Where were we now?

It was a picturesque little villa, not far out of London, furnished very like a magnified baby-house. Gerald sat in a cushioned easy chair in the garden, just where he could glance through the open window at me, working busily with my needle.

"What an industrious fairy it is!" he said, smiling sadly.

"Well, you see, I like it! It's a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano!"

"Who would ever have thought you would make so notable a housekeeper?"

I laughed gleefully—I had all a child's delight in being praised.

"Are you not going to Miss Delancey's croquet party?" he pursued.

"No; what do *I* care for croquet parties? I'm going to finish your shirts, and you'll read aloud to me!"

"Madeline, I want you to answer me one question."

"What is it?"

"What have you done with your diamonds?"

"I sold them long ago—they paid several heavy bills, besides settling half a year's rent here!"

"But, Madeline, you were so proud of your diamonds!"

"I was once; now, they would be the bitterest reproach my eyes could meet. Oh, Gerald, had I been less vain, and thoughtless, and extravagant——"

I checked myself, and a robin, singing in the perfumed depths of apple-blossoms, took up the dropped current of sound!

"That's right, little red-breast," said my husband, half-jokingly, "talk her down! She has forgotten that our past is dead and gone, and that we have turned over a new page in the Book of Existence! Madeline, do you know how I feel, sometimes, when I look at you?"

"No!"

"Well, I feel like a widower who has married again!"

My heart gave a little superstitious jump.

"Like a widower who has married again, Gerald!"

"Yes; I can remember my first wife—a brilliant, thoughtless child, without any idea beyond the gratification of present whims—a spoiled plaything! Well, that little Madeline has vanished away into the past somewhere; she has gone away to return to me no more; and in her stead, I behold my second wife—a thoughtful, tender woman, whose watchful love surrounds me like an atmosphere, whose character grows more noble, and develops itself into new depth and beauty every day!"

I was kneeling at his side, now, with my cheek upon his arm, and my eyes looking into his!

"And which do you love best, Gerald—the first or the second wife?"

"I think the trials and vicissitudes through which we have passed are welcome, indeed, since they have brought me, as their harvest fruits, the priceless treasure of my second wife!"

This was what Gerald answered me—the sweetest words that ever fell upon my ear!

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Persons of gentle and yielding dispositions are startled when they come in contact with a rugged nature and iron will. For there are these giants of humanity who shape their resolves as the furnace and trip hammer shape masses of metal. They bear down all opposition, compelling weaker spirits into compliance. Yet the power and tenacity of purpose that surprise temperaments of a finer and frailer mould do not belong exclusively to the bold and the great, for even the most unobtrusive persons are capable of it at times. It is a trait of character in men to form their resolutions with fervor and impetuosity; but the milder and quieter spirit of woman comes silently and almost unconsciously to determinations that are not shaken or altered by the wear and tear of even a whole lifetime. Man is gifted with strength, woman with endurance. The difficulty for dispositions of average power and perseverance is found, not so much in coming to a resolution of sufficient intensity, but in keeping it for any length of time. The smooth water of an Alpine fountain may be frozen into a mass as hard, apparently, as glass; but the hot rays of summer soften it until it yields gradually and at length finally melts away altogether. Bad habits take a long time to form, and they cannot be thrown off without exertion. The good habit which replaces them can only be formed by a repetition of good acts. Drops of water falling from the roof of a cave form, in the course of time, a stalactite, bright and strong to behold. The process, though, of this wonderful formation is slow and barely perceptible. So do single small acts of our will form themselves by repetition into lasting and unshaken habits.

How sacred, how beautiful is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it, the fashionable may call it fable; the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it, but the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is made evil by the corruption of those whom it was sent to bless and preserve.

SCIENTIFIC.

M. Pesier states, in *Les Mondes*, that whatever may be the details of the proceedure in manufacturing beet root sugar, it is indispensable to admit only the juice obtained by tearing and pressing the tissues; in other words, the liquor from the rasps and presses, avoiding the products of boiling the beet root, and consequently leaving no pulp in the juice. In addition to this, he also lays down the following rules, namely; to employ for defecation a dose of lime, so as to saturate the juice; to keep the defecated alkaline juice at a boil until the ammonia is completely expelled, the injection of steam, or of carbonic acid, or mechanical agitation, promoting this object; not to neutralize all the free lime with carbonic acid; to employ animal charcoal well burnt, well washed, and free from caustic lime, from sulphides, and from chloride of calcium; to avoid every stoppage, and even slowness in the operations; and, finally, to evaporate as rapidly as possible at the lowest practicable temperature. M. Pesier regards the observance of the various rules thus indicated, as indispensable to complete success in this manufacture.

A new centrifugal filter has been devised by MM. Autier and Allaire, of Belgium. The construction is based on the principle that, if a cylinder be rapidly revolved in a liquid in which solid particles are suspended, the liquid will be drawn into like rotation, and will revolve with a velocity greatest next the surface of the cylinder, and less as the distance from the latter is increased. The solid particles of the fluid will thus be thrown away from the immediate proximity of the cylinder, leaving the liquid there in a pure condition, when, by suitable pipes from that portion, it may be drawn off. It is, therefore, a filter without filtering material, a fact of considerable importance in industries like paper and sugar making, which require the filtration of large amounts of liquid. The filtering surface, moreover, never being in contact with the impurities, no opportunity is offered for the discharge orifice of the pure liquid to become choked or foul. The degrees of filtration depends, of course, upon the length of time the liquid is kept in rotation, and this is easily governed by lessening, as desired, the escape of the contents of the apparatus at the orifices.

Our London exchange, *Iron*, says that a novel experiment was commenced recently with the 80 horse power engine in Portsmouth dockyard. It was with a new pumping process, by which the inventor, Mr. R. M. Marchant, of Hatton Garden, undertakes to return saturated steam to the boiler of any engine, instead of condensing steam from the condensors. In other words, after the steam has exerted its power in the cylinder, the manufactured article itself is to be taken up and repumped into the boiler so as to be used afresh. Mr. Marchant claims for his invention that he is able to re-pump steam into the boiler without any expenditure of fuel beyond that which is required to overcome the mere friction of the pumps, and without subjecting them to pressure. The inventor contends that by the law of gasses the pressure exerted by the steam on one side of the piston represents by its elastic power, as in the case of the resistance of a spiral spring, the same expression of power in pressure on the other side of the piston; so that the elastic charge is always ready to give back the exact power expended to the purpose of its expression. Consequently, if Mr. Marchant's reasoning be correct, he expects to be able to return in volume and pressure to the boiler, the equivalent of the power expended on the pumps, and so to apply the steam again to power. It therefore follows that, inasmuch as returning boiling water into the boiler saves the cost of reboiling it, to return steam into the boilers, as steam will save the far greater cost which is expending in manufacturing it. As steam costs 70 in the 100 of the fuel which is consumed in its production, the saving which will be effected by the successful application of the principle will be great.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARLOTTE L.—Your proper course is to give the gentleman to understand that his attentions are no longer agreeable to you.

A BREWER, (Mass.)—We should scarcely recommend you to emigrate to New Zealand. We are not acquainted with the best treatise on the subject you name.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, (Rockaway, N. Y.)—When the dinner includes chicken and a ham, the two dishes should be served at the same time: the vegetables also at that time.

AMANDA M., (North Wales, Pa.)—Your parents or relatives should give the invitation. Unless engaged to the young gentleman, you must not accept presents from him, nor walk out alone with him.

J. T. H., (Hannibal, Mo.)—"Is it injurious or beneficial for a weak-chested person to play on the flute?" If the chest is weak, flute-playing would be no doubt injurious: but it would not be so if the chest be strong.

G. W. (Muncy, Pa.)—There is no law to prevent a father from opening his daughter's letters so long as she resides under his roof, and is dependent upon him; but she may protest against the act after she has attained her majority.

LYDIA, (Brooklyn, N.Y.)—Our fair correspondent wishes to know "how she is to act if a young gentleman is very attentive to her, and she afterwards finds out that he is engaged to another?" She had better give him his dismissal in the most summary manner possible.

MOSES, (Philadelphia.)—We have never been to the watering place you mention, but we know that it is a favorite and a fashionable one. Whether excursion trains will run thither so late in the autumn as you mention we have no means of knowing.

G. C. (Media, Pa.)—As a matter of course, many persons earn their livelihood, and some make handsome incomes, by their proficiency in music; but whether you are likely to do anything of the kind, no one who is a perfect stranger to you can for a moment venture to prophecy.

YOUNG WIDOW, (Portland, Maine)—"How long should I wear my wedding ring? I am about to marry and want to know if I shall not dispense with my first wedding ring." Your should wear your present wedding ring up to the moment that you are about to stand at the altar to receive another.

NONPLUSSED, (Boydstown, Va.)—You might, under the circumstances, propose to the young lady at once, giving her to understand that you are quite prepared to wait the twelvemonth alluded to by her father. Any jewelled ring is suitable for the engagement gift, which is worn on the same finger that is destined to wear the wedding gift.

FANNY R., (Phila.)—Turkish baths should not be taken without the consent of a medical adviser; but, when permitted, they are the most salutary. They cleanse the skin thoroughly, and improve the complexion. The article you are using will not have the latter effect so readily, as no wash or cosmetic is equal to the efficiency of complete ablution.

VIC., (Lebanon, Ills.) writes: "What hair wash can I get to give me a beautiful head of hair?" No hair-wash will produce a beautiful head of hair. If the hair be not naturally good, nothing will make it so. A weekly washing of warm water and honey soap, and the daily use of a little scented oil, with frequent brushing and combing, will do more for it than any "wash" or other preparation.

SNOW-DROP, (Leavenworth, Kas.) "Is it very indiscreet or improper for a lady to allow a gentleman to kiss her? What will prevent one from growing stout?" It is very indiscreet and improper for ladies to allow gentlemen to kiss them when they are not engaged. If you be constitutionally inclined to stoutness, nothing will entirely prevent it; but it may be, perhaps, somewhat checked by taking plenty of exercise.

M. B. (Windsor Hotel, N. Y.)—"Is it customary or admissable for gentleman to wear engagement rings?" How do you remove tattoo marks? When was the first English settlement in America made?" Gentlemen are not accustomed to wear engagement rings. The only means of removing tattoo-marks is by raising a blister on the places. The first English settlement in America was at Jamestown, 277 years ago.

M. H. T., (New York) writes: "What and where is Charybdis, and what is meant by going from Scylla to Charybdis?" Charybdis was a famous whirlpool in the Straits of Messina, on the coast of Sicily, opposite the celebrated rock of Scylla. People are said to get from Scylla to Charybdis when they escape from one danger only to reach another; or, according to the familiar proverb, to get out of the frying-pan into the fire.

J. W. C. (Charleston, Ala.) writes: "Who were the first people to introduce the custom of wearing a wedding ring?" Emblematical significance has been associated with the ring from a very early period, but the Greeks were probably the first who attached to the wedding-ring the importance it now holds. They also consecrated to it the fourth finger of the left hand, in the belief that from this finger a nerve went direct to the heart.

C. M., Centennial, Tenn.)—"What is meerschaum and what is the meaning of the word?" Meerschaum means *sea foam*, and it is a species of clay which is so named because it is as white as the foam of the sea. The species of pipes so widely known as meerschaum are so called because they are made of that clay—or were at one time made of it—to such an extent as to monopolise the name. Now, however, meerschaums are made of all manner of stuff.

M. L., (Philadelphia.)—When a party of ladies and gentlemen go to dine together at a hotel, it is not usual for the ladies to remove their bonnets if they dine in the public coffee-room where other parties are present; but if they engage a private room, they can suit their own convenience on the point. A young lady ought not to accept an invitation to ride or walk out unless they be engaged. When a gentleman is introduced to a lady, the former's name is mentioned first because he is presented to the lady, and not the lady to him.

J. J., (Dollington, Pa.)—The earth makes a complete circle about the sun in a year. If you thrust a skewer through an orange, so as to represent the earth's axis, and move the orange gradually around the lamp (with one end of the skewer elevated so as to represent the north pole, which is nearly twenty-three degrees above the equator) you will speedily understand how the different seasons are caused; and by making the orange revolve on the skewer, you will see the process of day and night. The north pole will point away from the lamp (the sun) in the winter, and towards it in the summer.

JNO. M. (Peoria, Ill.)—"Please tell me what an intending novelist should study in order to become capable of writing a first-class novel? In writing for the press what is the rule as to the size of paper?" There is nothing for "an intending novelist" to study in order to enable him to write novels, because if he does not feel that he has the talent in him and that he can start off spontaneously at once he will never be able to write anything at all. In writing for the press there is no actual rule as to the size of the paper to be used; but it is convenient to use "slips" a little larger than a page of note-paper. Only one side should be written upon.

RICHARD D., (Mexico, Mo.)—"I am in love with a young lady and would like to ask her to be mine, but I am only twenty-one and have no present means of supporting her. Should I propose or let the matter drop and risk my chances?" As you are young, and have nothing wherewith to support a wife, you do right in not making the young lady in question an offer of marriage. If she should accept the offer, and become betrothed to you, you might both repent it. You may yet see some one whom you would much prefer to her for your wife; and she might come across some person whom she would prefer to you for her husband. Your idea of "letting the matter drop," and taking your chance, is the true one.

WEEPING WILLOW, (Indianapolis, Ind.) "I am very much in love with a young gentleman, and he says that he is in love with me, but I am not at all good looking, and besides am lame. He is a very honest, sober and industrious gentleman, and declares that he loves me better than his life, and asks me to marry him. Considering my want of attractiveness I don't know what to do, for I am afraid that it is impossible for any one to love me. Please advise me." Men do not always fall in love with women on account of their personal beauty. If none but beautiful girls got married, there would be a much larger number of single ones than there now is. Because you are lame, it is no reason that a respectable, true-hearted, and sincere-minded young man should not desire to have you as his wife. He may have seen in you certain qualities which have gained his esteem, won his love, and convinced him that you will make him a suitable partner for life. Be not distrustful, therefore, but accept a proposal which seems to us to be made in all honesty of purpose.